J*BANNISTER

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
Oxymel Classic, Esq;
VOL. I.

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Once an Oxford Scholar.

OF

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aeris,
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amara relinquere pernix.

HORACE.

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M.DCC.LXVIII.

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THE ADVENTURES OF OXYMEL CLASSIC, Esq;

CHAP. I.

Like all other introductory Chapters, contains very little to the purpose.

OUT of the innumerable multitude of human creatures, which are every day coming into the world, by far the greater part seems born for no other pur-

poſe, but merely to go out of it again. Many of thoſe, who for a while are diſtinguiſhed by all the hurry and buſtle of ſelf-importance, on examination of their lives and actions, appear to be the moſt inconſiderable of created beings. The man of faſhion, whoſe very travels from one country ſeat to another are recorded in the public papers as a matter of the utmoſt conſequence, is, in reality, of little more moment to ſociety than his footman. The politician, who in the opinion of his favourites and dependents is deemed the Saviour of the nation, if we deſcend into his real character, may be found to poſſeſs nothing ſuperior to the parts and qualifications of an exciſeman. The pedant, whoſe ſolemn vacant countenance has gained to him the reputation of prodigious learning, in ſpite of his immenſe improvement in Literature, has ſpent more time in ſleeping in his elbow chair, than at his ſtudies. Whilſt the voluminous author, who is admired in every alehouſe, not for

what

what he has wrote himſelf, but for what he has tranſcribed from others, has been employed juſt to as much purpoſe as the reſt of thoſe mighty characters which we have already delineated. Such indeed is the abſolute inſignificancy of the generality of mankind, that nothing worthy of our notice preſents itſelf to us, from the fluttering expenſive Lord, who flies from one end of Europe to the other, down to the peaceable and parſimonious cheeſemonger, whoſe ideas never yet extended three yards beyond the limits of his own counter. In conſequence of this, as we ſeldom meet with one of thoſe extraordinary perſonages whoſe tranſactions are fit to be recorded to poſterity, that man ſeems to enjoy a peculiar privilege above the reſt of his fellow-creatures, who is ſo fortunate as to appear in the world with thoſe advantages which entitle him to our regard and admiration. But there is ſo little reaſon for making a concluſion of this ſort, that I am afraid this bleſſing, extraordinary

as it may be, is over-balanced by the many diſadvantages to which it expoſes thoſe who are poſſeſſed of it.

Of all the illuſtrious mortals which have illuminated this dirty earth of ours, whether engaged in the painful taſk of performing heroic deeds, or the more painful one of celebrating them, there are but very few who would not gladly have exchanged their immortality for the comforts and conveniencies which are beſtowed on the meaneſt of mankind. Homer, when he was living, would, in all probability, have exchanged the reputation of being the author of the Iliad for a good ſurtout; and poor Otway would, at times, have renounced the honour of writing Venice Preſerved for a ſlice of beef and a mug of ale. Nor have the heroes themſelves, whoſe names are now adored on earth, met with much better fortune than the poor authors who have tranſmitted their memory to us.

I make

I make no doubt but Hercules, in many of his journies, particularly in his longeſt journey of all, (which the reader knows was his journey to Hell) would have been as much overjoyed as Homer himſelf, at the ſight of a good eating-houſe; and I firmly believe, that Eneas was no more capable of reciting that long ſtory in the third and fourth Eneid, than a fat chaplain is of preaching after having dined at a Lord Mayor's feaſt. He and the heroes his companions had kept too long a faſt, not to cram themſelves to the very throat, whenever they met with good chear and an hearty welcome.

Theſe adventurers indeed had the fortune to get into good quarters at laſt; but there have been heroes, wits and poets, and it may eaſily be propheſied, that there will be again, who are born for no other purpoſe but to be knocked on the head, or ſtarved to death in the ſervice of their country and the whole world. The im-

mortal Phocion died without twopence in his pocket; the immortal Otway without a farthing; and the immortal Dryden would have been buried in the King's highway, had it not been for the charity of his neighbours; and Lloyd and Churchill might perhaps have met with the ſame glorious fate, had not a bilious fever put a timely end to the life of the one, and a ſore throat to that of the other.

We thought proper to make theſe few obſervations, by way of introduction, as the hero whoſe memoirs we are now going to communicate to the public, has ſuffered as much by the blindneſs and malignity of fortune, as any other hero whatever, from Hercules to Tom Thumb.

It was imagined too, that they might not be unſeaſonable in this remarkable æra of heroiſm and learning. They may be of much ſervice, if they contribute towards reſtraining thoſe choice and adventurous ſpirits,

ſpirits, whoſe noble atchievements in the field, or elegant compoſitions in the ſtudy, have adorned the preſent age, from a farther perſuit of a deceitful phantom, by ſhewing them the reward they muſt expect for all their labours and fatigues, and teaching them to prefer the ſtupid formality of three meals a-day, to the glory of Marlborough, or immortality of Butler. The Spaniſh Quixotiſm, which Cervantes attacked, in his inimitable hiſtory, was not more dangerous or deſperate, than that which our own mad adventurers have been poſſeſſed of. The Spaniard is cured of his folly, and 'tis to be hoped the Engliſhman will of his. May the ſoldier, inſtead of being diſbanded when he's grown old, turn uſurer in his youth, and die worth a plumb; and may the author, inſtead of being exalted to a garret, be exalted to a coach and ſix, whilſt the ſtupid and cowardly part of mankind are condemned to write and fight for themſelves.

By this time, it is to be apprehended, that the ſagacious reader has diſcovered the end and deſign of this Chapter; nor indeed can it be doubted, in an age like this, when our cotemporaries have given ſuch amazing proofs of their diſcernment, in finding out thoſe exquiſite ſtrokes of art and nature, which adorn the compoſitions of the humane, the pathetic Yorick; or that delicate, yet ſevere ſatire, which is contained in the writings of the ſly, the ſarcaſtic Sterne; however, leſt this diſcernment ſhould for once fail them, we think proper to declare, that this Chapter was written, leſt the good-natured world ſhould cenſure us for writing a Book without a moral; and beſides this, we had a mind like many of our predeceſſors, to ſay ſomething in the firſt pages, though we ſay nothing ever after.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

In which are introduced ſome ſhort anecdotes of a very extraordinary and very unfortunate family.

THE Hero, whoſe memoirs we are now writing, was deſcended from a family which was very flouriſhing and illuſtrious in the laſt age, though it is but little known or admired in this. The Claſſics, for by that name it was diſtinguiſhed, were once in poſſeſſion of a very fine eſtate, in one of the moſt beautiful counties of all England; but as they were remarkable no leſs for their ſpirit and vivacity, than for their taſte and elegance, their eſtate is ſpent, and they are now fallen under ſome diſgrace. Nor is there much probability of their ever being able to retrieve their former importance; for they have been ſhoved out of that ſmall portion of their

birth-right, which their generoſity had left them, by a ſet of ſaturnine and phlegmatic beings, who came originally from the foggy climes of Holland, and who cannot eaſily be diſpoſſeſſed of any thing they have once laid their hands on, by reaſon of a certain ſteadineſs and gravity natural to the whole generation.

But however this family may have declined in point of wealth and grandeur, it is ſtill very conſiderable by its numbers. Some few, who are not aſhamed of their name, may ſtill be found at both Univerſities, and at the Inns of Court; a great many reſide on country curacies, and about half a dozen ſuffer a voluntary baniſhment in our plantations, excluſive of thoſe who have been born there; whilſt the greateſt dignities both in church and ſtate, have fallen to the lot of others, though they have, for the moſt part, degenerated ſo much from the generoſity of the Claſſics, and are grown ſo exceſſively proud, that they

they diſclaim all intercourſe and acquaintance with their poor relations.

To this general ſketch of this extraordinary family, it will be ſufficient to add, that our hero ſprung from one of the inferior branches of it, though by no means a diſhonourable one. His father indeed was not much encumbered with riches, yet we have thought proper to beſtow the title of Eſquire on the ſon, as he has at leaſt as good a right to it as thoſe poetical Eſquires who aſſume the name without being poſſeſſed of a ſingle inch of ground in the territories of Parnaſſus. However inquiſitive the reader may be, we have no deſign of letting him know on what day of the week, or in what year of the Lord the ſubject of the enſuing ſheets was born, neither ſhall we regale him with recounting any of thoſe trifling incidents which are common to all mankind, and by which a Prince is not to be diſtinguiſhed from a cobler.

Like the Nazarites of old, our hero was devoted from his very infancy to the ſervice of the church, not account of any extraordinary piety, which appeared in him, or any ſupernatural endowments he was ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of, or indeed for any other ſubſtantial reaſon that we can aſſign; unleſs it might be, becauſe he had already given convincing proofs of a moſt excellent digeſtion, by ſwallowing ſeveral halfpence, as well as pins and needles, without receiving the leaſt detriment from ſuch uncommon morſels. How far his friends were determined by this circumſtance in their choice of a profeſſion for the boy, we cannot preſume to judge at this diſtance of time; however, it is certain, that either for this reaſon, or ſome other equally ſtrong and concluſive, they unanimouſly agreed to beſtow a liberal education on him. Perhaps they might have conſidered, that if he ſhould turn out a lad of ſprightly parts, he would be no diſhonour to them; and if the contrary ſhould happen, they might perhaps like-

likewiſe have been perſuaded, that a little ſtupidity would be no impediment to his promotion in the church.

Whether his friends were influenced by theſe concluſions, or by any other motives, is not at all material, ſince it is certain, that maſter Oxymel Claſſic (for by that name he had been chriſtened out of reſpect to his godfather, a phyſician) was ſent at eight years of age to one of the moſt celebrated public ſchools in our great metropolis, where he had the eternal honour of being thraſhed through, *As in præſenti, propria quæ maribus*, (or *propria quæ*, as ſome of the literati chooſe to call it) and the Latin ſyntaxis in a very ſhort ſpace of time. How far ſtudies of this abſtruſe nature are adapted to the capacities of children in general, muſt be left to the deciſion of modern ſchool-maſters and grammarians, tho' we ourſelves are apt to conclude, that they have made more blockheads than ſcholars, and can affirm that our young pupil would have

have reaped but little benefit from the poetry of Lilly, had it not been for the motion and vigour which he derived from a certain inſtrument too well known to preceptors and their diſciples. At laſt, however, he extricated himſelf from the clutches of the under maſter, who, though a clergyman, was a moſt ſtupid and unmerciful pedant, and now proceeded with ſuch life and ſpirit, that at the age of eighteen he was pronounced to be well qualified for the univerſity; but before we proceed to fix him at it, we muſt beg leave to relate two or three trifling incidents, which, upon recollection, ſeem to have denoted, that he would one day make a very extraordinary figure in the profeſſion he was deſigned for.

Before our hero had exceeded his fourth year, or in other words was put into breeches, he fell under the diſpleaſure of his nurſe, for having wilfully and maliciouſly ſpoiled one of his beſt damaſk petticoats,

ticoats, by cutting a large hole through the middle of it; however, he made ſuch a manly apology for his offence even at this tender age, that he eſcaped the puniſhment which the ſevere reader may think he was deſerving of. Inſtead of endeavouring to evade the accuſation, he owned the fact, and told his nurſe, that, on certain occaſions, he was aſhamed of pulling up his cloaths like a girl, and if his daddy would not let him have a pair of breeches, that he might ſtand againſt the wall like a man, he really ſhould be forced to make an hole in all the petticoats he had. This action, trivial as it may appear, gave riſe to many ingenious conjectures, and furniſhed the tea table with a whole week's converſation. The graver ſort of matrons drew from it the moſt favourable preſages of our hero's future continence and morality. They, by a thouſand arguments, proved it to be a plain indication that the child would never be addicted to looſe women; and ſome of them were firmly of opinion,

opinion, that he would not only have an averſion to looſe women, but to all women in general. But plauſible as this concluſion may appear, a certain wag pronounced it to be unnatural and abſurd, and drawing a much happier omen from this ludicrous circumſtance, declared, that, if it portended any thing, it portended that the boy would be an admirer of the ladies, and would make his way, through a petticoat as well as Priam, or Hercules, or any other hero of antiquity. Though the matrons abovementioned continued unalterably in their own ſentiments, yet Oxymel's nurſe muſt certainly have been affected by this interpretation; for though ſhe had never exhibited the leaſt ſigns of good will towards him in his infancy, ſhe now on a ſudden grew ſo exceſſively fond of her former charge, that ſhe conſtantly viſited the young gentleman twice a week, and frequently enticed him to her own lodgings. In the courſe of theſe rambles Claſſic uſed very often to be left alone at her apartments,

ments, and, as Mrs. Roapley was a great admirer of porter and tobacco, he ſoon became acquainted with the uſe and excellency of thoſe great ſupports of our conſtitution. Not that the good woman herſelf ever indulged him in any gratifications of this nature; but as her attention to domeſtic affairs made her abſence ſometimes neceſſary, Oxymel turned every opportunity of that ſort to the indulgence of his appetite. Having one day found a whole pipe full of the beſt Virginia in the chimney corner, and a pint of porter by it, he without the leaſt ceremony toſſed off the liquor and ſmoked out the pipe. His nurſe, on her return, was aſtoniſhed at the accident, and much more ſo, when ſhe found, that neither the tobacco nor the porter had the leaſt effect on the head or ſtomach of her young pupil.

It is indeed ſurpriſing that he eſcaped intoxication, nor can it eaſily be accounted for; as it is certain, beyond contradiction, that

that our hero had never tafted any thing of the ſame nature before: but as his nurſe had conſtantly uſed theſe recreations during the time ſhe gave him ſuck, it may perhaps be worth our while to enquire, whether the eſſence of the porter and tobacco might not, by ſome natural conveyance, mix with her milk, and by theſe means inure him to the taſte and flavour of them from the very day of his birth. But this is only mentioned as a conjecture. We are far from pretending to have philoſophy enough to determine a queſtion of this importance, and accordingly we leave it to be diſcuſſed by thoſe learned and ingenious gentlemen who ſolve problems for the Magazines, or appear to ſo much advantage in the Philoſophical Tranſactions.

The conduct of Oxymel in his riper years was altogether agreeable to theſe atchievements of his childhood. As he grew up, he gradually diſcovered a ſtrong propenſity to miſchief; nor was it in the power

power of diſcipline and authority to confine one of his mercurial diſpoſition within the bounds of gravity and decorum. Before he was fifteen years of age he became the terror of all the apple-women who exerciſed their profeſſion within his territories, by which is to be underſtood that part of London, which lay betwixt the ſchool and his father's houſe. He has often boaſted of having knocked out ſeventeen more of their candles in a winter's evening than all the reſt of his ſchool-fellows put together; and whenever he obſerved any of thoſe nymphs to be more abuſive than became her, whether to his own particular friends, or to ſtrangers, he conſtantly contrived to lay her in the kennel before night, by pulling her wooden ſtool from under her, as a puniſhment for her impertinence. This indeed can do him no great honour, as it was only the effect of wantonneſs and vivacity; but that the reader may not imagine he was wanting in humanity or reſolution, we think proper

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to inform him, that amongſt many other heroic actions, we find it recorded, that he once broke a chimney-ſweeper's head for beating a dog, and not long after almoſt knocked out a carman's brains with Ainſworth's Dictionary, for ill treating one of his companions.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Contains ſome reflections on education, which they, who have had no education themſelves, had better not read.

THE reader may, by this time, perhaps have formed no very favourable idea of our hero, and may be ſurprized to hear, that he was altogether as remarkable for taſte and ſenſibility, as for wantonneſs and indiſcretion. His advancement in learning was ſuch, as might have done credit to one of much greater application than himſelf, not that he was in the number of thoſe forward geniuſes, who ſcrawl out poetry at fifteen, and are looked upon by their relations and the ſchool-maſters, as youths of great expectation. So far was Claſſic from excelling in point of compoſition, that he was generally deemed inferior in it to all the reſt of his cotemporaries; nor is this much to be wondered at, for his companions con-

conſtantly employed themſelves in retailing the works of other men, whilſt Claſſic contented himſelf with expreſſing his own thoughts in his own language, which for the preſent was of great prejudice to him, in the opinion of thoſe who underſtood a little Latin, and nothing elſe; as it could not poſſibly happen, that a lad of ſeventeen ſhould be able to expreſs himſelf with the elegance of Seneca or Tully.

Every thing, which Oxymel attempted, was done with eaſe, or elſe indeed it would never have been done at all; for though he was naturally inclined to reading, yet he was an utter enemy to ſtudy, according to the uſual acceptation of the term. In ſhort, he never read but for his own amuſement, unleſs when compelled to it; and made no ſcruple of owning that he preferred Ovid and Catullus to Homer and Ariſtotle. The grave Demoſthenes was thrown by to make room for Ariſtophanes, and the truly comic Plautus was conſidered by our young critic as a much more agree-

agreeable and entertaining author, than his rival Terence.

Though he had been inured to the Greek and Roman learning from his very infancy, yet Claſſic was not ſo blindly devoted to antiquity, as not to diſcern the ſuperior merit of his own countrymen. The Engliſh language and the Engliſh poets were the chief objects of his attention, in deſpight of cuſtom and precedent; in conſequence of which he already underſtood his own tongue better than many doctors in divinity, and to ſpeak the truth, than ſome authors of the preſent age, who have thought fit to oblige the world with the fruits of their labour. It was altogether impoſſible for a youth of his ſprightly and mercurial genius to confine himſelf to the formal buſineſs of a ſchool, and accordingly he now followed ſuch ſtudies only as his own inclination led him to. Inſtead of plodding over the leſſon preſcribed to his claſs, he was ſo far from ever troubling

bling his head about it, that it was reckoned a very extraordinary circumſtance if Claſſic knew where to find his book. And being once called upon ſomewhat unexpectedly by his maſter, his mind was ſo intent on what he had been reading, that inſtead of beginning the fourteenth book of Homer, as he ought to have done, he fell on one of the moſt licentious ſcenes in all Ariſtophanes, and tranſlated the greater part of it with the utmoſt humour, to the ſurprize and diverſion of his fellow-ſtudents, before he diſcovered his miſtake.

Notwithſtanding this careleſſneſs in things which it was then his duty, as well as intereſt to cultivate, our hero was ſtill equal, in every reſpect, to moſt of his cotemporaries, and ſuperior to them all in polite learning. He ſometimes indeed might be deficient in aſcertaining the peculiarities of the Greek dialects, or adjuſting the orthography of ſome diſputed word, but he made ſufficient amends for this, by attend-

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ing to the beauties of every author that he read. Nor is it at all ſurpriſing, that he ſhould ſometimes fail in theſe immaterial points, for he looked on lexicons and dictionaries, as uſeleſs lumber, and had by this time contracted a moſt hearty contempt for criticiſm and connoiſſeurſhip. With theſe prejudices, and theſe qualifications, he could not paſs totally diſregarded by his maſter, who (beſides an extraordinary degree of claſſical knowledge) had diſcernment enough to perceive, that, with all his levity, he was not wanting in genius or underſtanding, and who, in conſequence of this obſervation, gave him a paſſport to the univerſity, and the character of one, that could do well, if he would.

Previous to his diſmiſſion from ſchool, our hero publicly recited a Greek ſpeech before a numerous and polite aſſembly of both ſexes; which ſpeech, by the bye, had ſerved many of his predeceſſors on the ſame occaſion: yet it was of great ſervice to Claſſic, and ſerved to raiſe his repu-a-

tion, as a ſcholar, amongſt all the old women, that knew him. They conſidered it as a moſt prodigious affair, and accordingly extolled our young gentleman, as the glory and miracle of the age. One ſo young to underſtand Greek, exclaimed half a dozen of them. Oh! ladies, replied another party, he has been in Homer theſe two years. He and my ſon, I can aſſure you, very often talk Greek together, roared out a thorough baſe from a ſolitary corner of the room. Yes, anſwered a ſqueaking treble, he ſpoke it mighty prettily indeed, and take my word for it, he'll make a great man in time. Only mind what I ſay; I'll warrant you, he'll make a great man in time.

This was the firſt ſtroke, that gave our hero's friends any idea of his ſcholarſhip; and to ſome ſuch lucky circumſtance as this, I ſuppoſe it muſt be imputed, that we hear ſo many fools and blockheads cried up at the tea-tables and coffee-houſes, as men

men of learning. A Greek ſpeech or Latin epigram, though entirely deſtitute of wit or ſenſe, often give a tranſitory reputation to thoſe, who are incapable of ſpeaking or writing in their own language. To this your faſhionable ſparks are much indebted; I mean, thoſe pretty ſmirking gentlemen, who make a figure in the world, and are eſteemed the very pretty ſcholars of the age. But very pretty ſcholars let them be; for very pretty is generally ſpeaking a ſynonimous term for very ſtupid.

After this public exhibition of his talents, Claſſic took leave of his maſter and ſchoolfellows in the moſt affecting manner; and every thing that was reckoned neceſſary for him, being got ready, the day of his departure was fixed on, and a place taken in the Oxford ſtage. His friends preſented him with a handſome collection of books, and two ſuits of iron-grey, though much againſt the inclination of

Oxymel, were beſpoke for the ornament of his perſon. Any other colour would have been as agreeable to him, as this; which he could not help conſidering as a type of the profeſſion he was deſigned for, and diſliking accordingly. For Oxymel himſelf was very far from harbouring the leaſt deſign of ſtudying divinity. His views were directed to other objects. He now ſaw himſelf on the eve of being maſter of his own actions. He was elated with the tranſports of enjoying an uncontrouled liberty, and fully determined to make the beſt uſe of it. Outwardly, indeed, he paid all imaginable attention to the ſage lectures which were given him with regard to his future conduct, though he inwardly reſolved never to think of them after the preſent moment. To deal ingenuouſly with the reader, it muſt be confeſſed, that our hero had very little reliſh for the moſt noble ſcience of theology, if not a natural averſion to it. It had often been his requeſt that he might be permitted

mitted to apply himſelf to phyſic, a ſtudy that was well ſuited to his inquiſitive genius, and which would not have cut him off from the proſpect of wearing bag-wigs, ſwords, and ruffles, for which he had at leaſt as much affection, as for the profeſſion itſelf. In this, however, he was fatally over ruled; yet he ſoon found a remedy againſt this perverſe humour of his friends, for ſince he was not allowed to follow the ſtudies he approved of, he comforted himſelf with the pious reſolution of applying to none at all.

CHAP. IV.

Shews the good effects and great advantages of a liberal education.

OUR hero at length departed from London with the good wishes of all his friends and acquaintance; and the stage-coach, in which he went, arrived in due time at the place of its destination. But the evening being then far advanced, he deferred making any application for admission into the university, till next morning; when he directed his steps towards the college, of which, by advice of a particular friend, he proposed to become a member. Never did a young actor, or a young divine, at their first appearance in public, undergo a greater panic, than our hero, whilst he was walking from his inn to the college. For he was unfortunately troubled with that diffidence in himself, which generally attends men of real merit; and

the

the apprehenſion of being examined by graduates, perhaps of twenty years ſtanding, wrought ſo violently on his youth and inexperience, as to diſconcert him to the laſt degree. At preſent, however, he had but very little reaſon for being thus alarmed, for on applying to two very reverend and learned gentlemen,—reverend, for they were clergymen, learned, for they were maſters of arts and tutors, he had the ſingular ſatisfaction of being refuſed admiſſion into the univerſity. It may perhaps be conjectured, that the extreme panic he was in, had ſo far diſordered his underſtanding for that time, that he might appear unfit to be received into ſo reſpectable a body; or that the gentlemen, to whom he applied, might have been acquainted with ſome miſconduct of his, that made it improper to ſhew him any countenance and regard. But this could not be the caſe, for Claſſic had a very ſtrong recommendation from his maſter, and no queſtions were ever aſked him about his learning and qua-

lifications. The truth of the matter was, our hero had very fooliſhly concluded, that a competent ſtock of Greek and Latin would be ſufficient to gain any young fellow whatever admiſſion into a ſeminary of learning; but unhappily for him, he now found, that as he expected to receive ſome favours from the college, a very different recommendation was eſſential to his being enrolled among the number of academics. Though he was at a ſeat of learning, he became ſenſible that Raleigh himſelf, in his ſituation, would have been rejected, and that a ſingle line from any nobleman would have been of more ſervice to him, than if he had been author of the Iliad itſelf. Whether the two gentlemen were authorized to reject him by the ſtatutes of the univerſity, we ſhall not pretend to determine; but we may take the liberty of ſurmiſing, that, as they and their worthy brethren made no ſcruple of breaking them in other reſpects, they were not very ſcrupulous of obſerving them in this.

From

From theſe ſacred manſions of charity and diſcernment, Claſſic retired in a greater dejection of mind, than he had ever experienced before. A ſtranger to the cuſtoms of the Place he was in, mortified by his ill ſucceſs, and aſhamed at the unworthy uſage he had met with, it was impoſſible for him to recollect himſelf ſo far, as to determine, how he ſhould proceed in this nice affair. Sometimes he was tempted, by the hopes of ſucceſs, to make a puſh at the other colleges; but the fear of a repulſe, and his own natural pride, deterred him from it. At other times he thought it moſt prudent to return again to London; but this was rendered impracticable by the ridicule he knew he ſhould be expoſed to, on account of the abortive expedition he had undertaken. One moment he approved of this ſcheme, and the next of that: when in the midſt of all his perplexity, he luckily bethought himſelf of applying to a gentleman of the univerſity, whom he remembered formerly to have ſeen at his

father's houſe, for his advice. Having luckily met with him after a ſlight ſearch, he without ceremony explained the dilemma he was in, and to his comfort received the following anſwer.

My good ſir, replied his friend to him, when he had heard his ſtory, you are come to the worſt place in the world to ſucceed in without a good fortune or a good recommendation. A vote for any paltry borough in the kingdom would be of more ſervice to you here, than all the Greek and Latin you have picked up at ſchool. The great men at Oxford are as good politicians as the great men at London; and I am afraid, you'll not find them very ready to oblige you, unleſs in your turn you can oblige them. Pray what do you intend to ſtudy? You are deſigned for a parſon, I ſuppoſe; but if you have no living or preferment in your own gift, you had much better be a ſhoe-black. I am now in the ſixty-fourth year of my age, and have been a faith-

a faithful labourer in the vineyard these forty years, and now I enjoy an income of eighty pounds per annum clear profit. I indeed am satisfied; but were my time to come over again, I would venture into the world, and prefer the independency of a rich tradesman, to the honour of being a poor gentleman.

Our hero was moved with compassion on account of his venerable friend, and expressed some indignation at his being so scandalously neglected, when his kind adviser interrupted him, and proceeded thus: Irreproachable morals, sound learning, and a faithful discharge of the duty of a clergyman, are things not at all regarded now-a-days. If you continue in your design of being a parson, my young sir, I would advise you not to trouble your head with Tillotson or Barrow, for 'tis impossible that they can ever be of any service to you. Instead of studying divinity, or Greek, or Latin, learn to flatter, cringe, and lie. I

myſelf have, by exact computation, preached three thouſand, three hundred and ſixty-five times, and read prayers, I imagine, twice as often; in conſequence of which, I enjoy that income I was telling you of—but this is not to the purpoſe: If you ſtill perſiſt in your deſign of entering at the univerſity, you muſt get a letter from ſome man of importance to one of the tutors or the head of the college. By theſe means you may get admiſſion, even if you can't read; but otherwiſe you cannot, if you were the beſt ſcholar and greateſt ſaint in all Chriſtendom. Could I be of any ſervice in the affair, you might command me; but I have little acquaintance, and leſs intereſt. The narrowneſs of my fortune prevents me from going into the faſhionable company of the place, and a poor clergyman is as much deſpiſed, as any other poor man. I have long ſince given up all my friends, and am contented with a pipe of tobacco, and a mug of ale, inſtead of claret

ret or champaigne. I know I am laughed at for it by the choice ſpirits and petit maitres, but I have too much philoſophy to be ruffled by the ſneers or ridicule of fools and coxcombs.

At the concluſion of this harangue, our unfortunate ſcholar took his leave, not at all comforted at the proſpect, which lay before him. Had our hero been the only perſon intereſted in the event, in all probability he would have renounced his deſign; but when he conſidered that his father's happineſs depended on his ſeeing him in the pulpit, he determined to continue where he was, till he had communicated his ſituation to his friends at London. He accordingly ſent away a full account of his ill ſucceſs by the firſt poſt, and waited above eight days for inſtructions, how to proceed in this emergency of his affairs, with more calmneſs and compoſure, than could have been expected in a youth of his impatient diſpoſition.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

In which our hero's real character is opened to the reader.

IT was not without a mixture of ſurpriſe and indignation, that Claſſic's friends received the news of his miſcarriage, eſpecially as they knew a young fellow in the neighbourhood, who had been admitted not long before, without having either common-ſenſe or learning to recommend him. However, they determined to ſmother their reſentment for the preſent, and exert all their influence in behalf of our forlorn ſtudent.

They accordingly, on this occaſion, applied to a gentleman of rank and fortune, whom they had hopes of engaging in their intereſt. Nor were they diſappointed; as this gentleman had a tender and humane heart,

heart, he no ſooner heard their ſtory, than he granted their requeſt, and promiſed to furniſh the young ſpark, whoſe cauſe they had been ſolliciting, with proper credentials in leſs than a week's time.

As he kept his word with the ſtricteſt punctuality, Oxymel ſet off for the ſame college once more, where he had lately met with ſo cool a reception. But the caſe now was quite altered. The churliſh behaviour he had before experienc'd, was now converted into the moſt polite affability, and his name was entered in the college-books without the leaſt delay, to the great ſatisfaction of our candidate, whoſe preſent ſucceſs was a ſufficient atonement for his former diſappointment.

The moment that a ſchool-boy eſcapes from his confinement, and is equipped with a cap and gown, he generally aſſumes a new behaviour with his new dreſs, and from that inſtant conſiders himſelf as the entire

entire maſter of his own actions. Our hero was ſtrongly poſſeſſed with this notion, and accordingly thought it incumbent on him to ſupport the character he had aſſumed, by the atchievement of ſome manly exploits. In conſequence of this, he took vaſt pains to improve himſelf in the moſt noble ſciences of drinking and ſmoaking, and in a ſhort time had contracted confidence enough to kiſs a bed-maker without bluſhing. Yet he demeaned himſelf with ſufficient circumſpection, and had the reſolution for ſome time to bridle the impetuoſity of his genius, which was continually provoking him to ſome of thoſe miſchievous efforts, which, however agreeable they may be to gay and volatile diſpoſitions, are by no means approved of by the graver and more ſedate part of mankind.

In this part of his life, Claſſic might have been deemed particularly happy, for he was maſter of a conſtitution which no-

thing

thing could injure, and poſſeſſed a very uncommon flow of animal ſpirits. Beſides this, his perſon was genteel, his face agreeable, and his underſtanding well cultivated for one of his years. Yet theſe advantages which he poſſeſſed, were by a ſtrange fatality the cauſes of his deſtruction. Had he been born a fool, a monſter, or a cripple, he might have eſcaped thoſe calamities, which befel him, at a time of life, when we are leaſt able to ſtruggle with them.—But without making any fine reflections on what might have happened, we ſhall proceed to inform the reader of what really did.

For ſome time after his admiſſion at the univerſity, Claſſic conducted himſelf with great ſteadineſs and decorum; but on a ſudden he threw off all reſtraint, and plunged at once into the midſt of riot and diſſipation. He now no longer confined himſelf to that decency of deportment, which became one in his ſituation; nor could

could he by any means be prevailed on to ſubmit to the rules of academical diſcipline, many of which he condemned as abſurd, and others as unneceſſary inſtitutions. For example: it was expected, on account of preſerving good order, that the younger ſtudents ſhould repair to their reſpective colleges before ten o'clock at night; but our hero was ſo far from complying with any expectations of this ſort, that he looked on all injunctions of that nature, as infringements on the liberties of Engliſhmen, and was determined to oppoſe them accordingly. In conſequence of which, inſtead of returning to college by ten o'clock at night, he returned by three or four in the morning, not with the ſneaking modeſty of one, who was aſhamed of his conduct, but with a whole troop of noiſy, roaring blades at his heels, who ſerved at once to promulgate his fame and their own. Neither could he digeſt the abominable cuſtom, which prevailed among the

the younger ſtudents, of attending Latin prayers before the ſun roſe. He often declared, that it ought to be conſidered as the infamous remains of Popiſh ſuperſtition; and that it was incumbent on every one, who was ſincerely attached to the Proteſtant faith, to break through ſo vile and dangerous a practice. In order to enforce this doctrine, which was very well reliſhed by thoſe for whom it was intended, and to ſhew his zeal for religion at the ſame time, he was ſo far from attending prayers at early and unſeaſonable hours, that he never attended them at all. In theſe points he might perhaps have been reformed by ſeaſonable admonitions; but neither rebukes nor entreaties could ever have prevailed on him to attend the call of the dinner-bell with the leaſt degree of punctuality and exactneſs. He had ſuch a hearty contempt for form and method, that he has often ſwore, he had much rather never dine at all, than be compelled

pelled to it at any particular ſeaſon. And to ſpeak ſincerely, he ſeldom obſerved much regularity at his meals, for he often went to ſupper when he ſhould have been at breakfaſt, and to breakfaſt when he ought to have been at ſupper. And as one evil naturally produces another, this irregularity diſordered him ſo much, that he frequently found it neceſſary to undreſs for bed, whilſt his fellow-collegiates were dreſſing themſelves for prayers.

As to his progreſs in that part of literature, to which he ought to have applied himſelf, we need only ſay that he ſtudied Divinity, as Ovid and Garrick ſtudied Law; that is to ſay, by dedicating all his hours of retirement to the peruſal of thoſe authors, who are celebrated for their wit or humour. Theſe hours of retirement indeed were but few; for our young ſpark had now fallen into company with a ſet of jolly fellows, whoſe diſpoſitions and purſuits were happily adapted to his own. With them

them he ſpent the greater part of his time, and in the courſe of his acquaintance with theſe ſons of mirth and jollity, acquitted himſelf ſo much to their ſatisfaction, that he was at length unanimouſly elected preſident, and honoured at all their public feſtivals with the arm chair, the firſt bumper, and the longeſt pipe. We could wiſh he had been contented with the progreſs he made in the ſchool of Bacchus, but the fidelity requiſite in every hiſtorian, forces us to confeſs, that he was frequently out of order, and ſometimes obliged to keep his room, in conſequence of a cold caught on Shotover Hill, or in Divinity Walk; which ſaid cold is a very frequent diſorder at the Univerſity, and much of the ſame nature with that which the London beaus are ſuppoſed to catch between Temple-Bar and the Hay-market.

Such a life as this muſt neceſſarily be attended with a very conſiderable expence; and as Oxymel's finances were very far from being

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Such a life as this muſt neceſſarily be attended with a very conſiderable expence; and as Oxymel's finances were very far from being

being in a flouriſhing condition, he rectified that misfortune, by running in debt with any body that had faith enough to truſt him. His books too were committed to the care of a pawn-broker, and their deficiency ſupplied by ſome dozens of empty bottles, and above forty groſs of dirty pipes. His chairs and tables gradually moved off, and at length, when all other reſources failed him, he ſold an exceeding good bed, which had coſt him upward of five pounds, for two and twenty ſhillings, ready money.

Yet, notwithſtanding this unpardonable levity of conduct, he was not totally abandoned to vice. Every irregularity he was guilty of, was ſucceeded by a ſevere fit of repentance and remorſe. In the midſt of folly, riot, and extravagance, the native goodneſs of his heart would ſometimes break out. He has often deprived himſelf of his moſt favourite pleaſures, to comfort the fatherleſs and widow. He has been known to give his laſt crown to relieve an object of diſtreſs; and he has been known to weep when he had not a crown to give.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The moſt ſerious Chapter, which the Author ever wrote.

THIS quick tranſition, in one of Claſſic's ingenuous diſpoſition, from wantonneſs to debauchery may perhaps appear ſurpriſing to the reader; but the following anecdote will ſufficiently account for the extraordinary change he underwent, and in ſome meaſure alleviate the heinouſneſs of his crime.

Though we have hitherto been ſilent with regard to Claſſic's attachment to the fair ſex, it is by no means to be ſuppoſed, that we ever would have undertaken the laborious taſk of writing his life and hiſtory, had he been inſenſible to the charms of the ſweeteſt, lovelieſt part of the creation. No. Not even if he had rivalled Charles the Twelfth

Twelfth of Sweden in heroiſm and glory. But happily for us, our hero was formed of more ſoft and delicate materials, than that iron-hearted warrior. The ſeeds of love were ſown in his conſtitution, and were at length matured and ripened by the influence of celeſtial beauty.

There was a young lady, whom we ſhall here call Fanny, that lived in the ſame ſtreet with Claſſic, and uſed frequently at her return from the boarding-ſchool to viſit at his father's houſe. When their acquaintance firſt commenced, he was in the twelfth year of his age, and ſhe in her eleventh. At this early period of life Claſſic manifeſted a ſtrong prejudice in her favour. In all their little parties of pleaſure he was her guard and companion. In all the little brawls of childhood he was conſtantly of her ſide, and the firſt battle, he ever fought, was on her account. Before his acquaintance with her, Claſſic never had two pence in his pocket two hours together; but now

his

his money conſtantly accumulated to the immenſe ſum of ſix-pence every week, which purchaſed oranges, nuts, and noſe-gays for Fanny on a Sunday. Nor were theſe marks of tenderneſs loſt on the fair object that occaſioned them. The paſſion that lay lurking in her boſom, broke out in ſpite of all her endeavours to conceal it. Though ſhe ſometimes treated Claſſic with an affected reſerve, it was plain that ſhe could taſte no pleaſure, in which he was not a partaker.

In ſhort, their affection for each other gradually increaſed. Many a time has our hero ſat, with his lovely companion, under the ſhade of a duſty tree, not ſix feet high, in a narrow dirty yard, in the ſuburbs of London, for hours and hours together. But then the ſhade of the tree was pleaſant as the fields of Arcadia, and his Fanny was a goddeſs. This may be deemed the happieſt æra of their lives. Thus united, as they were, in innocence and love, fate

itſelf could not have added to their felicity. Their boſoms yet were ſtrangers to the pangs of jealouſy, and undiſturbed by the violent guſt of paſſion. Their intercourſe was pure and ſentimental, as Plato's ſelf could wiſh it.—Yet pure and ſentimental as it was, Claſſic had not ſo little of the hero in him, as never to attempt the fair one's lips. He a thouſand times attempted them, and a thouſand times his reſolution failed him. But at laſt, as Fanny once ſat reclining on his arm, he ſtole from the bluſhing maid, Oh! heavens and earth! her firſt and ſweeteſt kiſs; a kiſs, that Jove himſelf might envy; a kiſs, which, though it wounded him to the ſoul, he never can remember without pleaſure, nor ever will, even when eighty winters ſhall have ſnowed upon his head.

But human happineſs is always of ſhort duration. The day of Claſſic's departure for the univerſity being at length arrived, our faithful lovers, after they had mutually exchanged

exchanged a thouſand vows and kiſſes, were obliged to ſeparate, though Claſſic would willingly have renounced all his expectations of a biſhopric, for the ſake of her company.

This interruption, however, was far from abating the ardency of our hero's paſſion. His whole mind was engroſſed by the idea of his lovely miſtreſs. He conſtantly thought of her, toaſted her, and dreamt of her. And at length, being unable to controul his paſſion any longer, he determined to ſteal a viſit to the dear idol of his heart. Nor was it long before he took meaſures for putting his deſign in execution.

In conſequence of our Claſſic's orders, his cloaths were packed up, and his horſe was waiting for him at the door, when his journey was prevented by the following letter, which was put into his hands, juſt as he was drawing on his boots.

" Dear Sir, London.

" I have no news to acquaint you with " at preſent, except, that a moſt terrible " fire happened laſt week near London- " bridge, in which you are more nearly " concerned, than you imagine. It broke " out with ſo much violence about nine " at night, that all London was alarmed. " Half the town went to the water-ſide to " ſee it, and amongſt the reſt, Miſs Fanny " ———," Oh! heavens! cries Claſſic, ſhe's drown'd! ſhe's drown'd! " where ſhe " moſt unfortunately caught cold, which " at length threw her into a fever. The " phyſicians could do nothing for her, and " laſt Wedneſday ſhe died, after having " frequently called upon your name in her " delirium."

Claſſic read no farther, but daſhed the letter from him, curſed the phyſicians, who could not prevent the death of his dear miſtreſs; damn'd the writer of the letter

letter for ſending him an account of it, and at laſt fell ſenſeleſs on the floor.

He ſoon revived from his trance; but this affecting ſtroke had a violent effect on his conſtitution. His health gradually declined, and his caſe appeared ſo deſperate, that he was adviſed to return to London, for the benefit of his native air.

But this expedient was of very little ſervice to him: every object that he ſaw, ſerved only to increaſe his anguiſh, and revive in him the memory of his loſt miſtreſs. So unable was he to ſupport the remembrance of his former happineſs, and the reflection of his preſent miſery, that he was ſometimes almoſt tempted to lay violent hands upon himſelf. At length he determined to forſake the ſcene of his misfortune, and retire to the univerſity, in hopes of relieving his mind, by application to his ſtudies. But before he put this deſign in execution, he viſited his Fanny's

grave, which he bedewed with the tears of ſincere affection, and ſaw the following inſcription engraved upon her tomb-ſtone:

Here lie the remains of Miſs Fanny ——,
Who died in the 18th year of her age.
But could wit and beauty make us immortal,
She had never died.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Not very ſerious or important.

WHEN Claſſic returned to Oxford, the ſtudies of the place were ſo far from affording him any relief, that he grew more penſive and melancholy than he had ever been before. For ſome time this diſorder of his mind increaſed, and he appeared inſenſible to all the pleaſures of the world, when on a ſudden he plunged into the midſt of riot and exceſs, with an eagerneſs, that ſhewed he was weary of his life. And when he found his health and conſtitution impaired by the irregularities he was guilty of, it afforded him great comfort, that he had found out an infallible method, as he imagined, of retrieving his Fanny's company. If ſhe cannot come to me, ſaid Claſſic to himſelf, why, damme, I muſt go to her. But his intemperance

was ſo far from having the effect, which might naturally be expected from it, that in a very ſhort time it reſtored him to a perfect ſtate of health. Company, amuſement, and variety, made him ſoon forget the cauſe of his affliction. His grief at length abated, and his reformation ought then to have immediately commenced; though this was ſo far from being the caſe, that inſtead of relinquiſhing his pleaſures, he abandoned himſelf entirely to gaiety and diverſion. He now became the profeſt enemy of gravity, he ridiculed all pretenders to learning, and deſpiſed and expoſed thoſe fine gentlemen of the univerſity, who ſet up for men of taſte, on the ſtrength of ruffles and a good library. In conſequence of this reforming ſpirit, Claſſic was very ſoon hated by all the critics, logicians, painters, and fidlers, in his own college, and every other, where he had the leaſt concern. Inconſiderable as theſe animals may appear, it was by no means prudent to incur their diſpleaſure; but Claſſic

was

was not of a diſpoſition to reflect, that preſent merriment might be productive of future unhappineſs. Many, as we have before hinted, were offended at the freedom of his jeſts, and amongſt them one Gumberton bore him the moſt inveterate grudge, and on the following occaſion.

This Gumberton was originally the ſon of a country farmer, and had been inſtructed in Greek and Latin by the clerk of the pariſh where he lived; which ſaid clerk was a man of ſuch profound erudition, that he was eſteemed a miracle of learning by three whole villages in the weſt of England; and as he conſtantly extolled his pupil as a lad of very extraordinary parts, the young fellow himſelf was ſo intoxicated with his maſter's recommendation, that he actually thought himſelf a ſcholar. And not ſatisfied with this, he had the vanity likewiſe to think himſelf a man of breeding and politeneſs. Though a dancing-maſter had never been ſeen or heard of in the village

he came from, yet he began to affect the trip of a petit-maitre, as well as the ſagacious look of a connoiſſeur. In conſequence of this idle affectation, he cut one of the moſt ridiculous figures that can poſſibly be conceived. As he walked along, he threw his feet on the ground with the clumſineſs of a mill-horſe, and eternally cocked up his noſe in the air, as cocks and hens do their beaks after drinking.

Nor was this all; to eſtabliſh his character for politeneſs he made faſhionable treats, and intending one night to regale his company with punch, he gave Claſſic an invitation to preſide at the libation. As the young man himſelf had never been accuſtomed to any other liquor, than muddy ale, the office of preparing the evening's potation devolved upon our hero, who executed it to the ſatisfaction of every perſon in the room, except Mr. Gumberton, who, though totally incapable of mixing the ingredients himſelf, had preſumption enough

to

to damn Oxymel for making ſuch ſtuff as never had been taſted before. Though Claſſic overlooked this affectation for the preſent, he determined within himſelf to take vengeance on his inſolent hoſt the very firſt opportunity. Nor was it long before an occaſion preſented itſelf. The company who were aſſembled at Gumberton's room, before they took their leave, were engaged to drink tea with him the next afternoon at his apartments. Now as Claſſic was fully perſuaded that Gumberton was as ignorant in all matters appertaining to the tea-table, as he was in every other reſpect, contrived the next day to intercept an old bed-maker on her return from the grocer's ſhop, who had been diſpatched there, by the aforeſaid Gumberton, for a quarter of a pound of the beſt green tea. Having ſeduced this antiquated ſybil to his own room, by the promiſe of a pint of ale, he diſmiſſed her, on ſome trifling pretence, to the other end of the college, and in this interval of time, employed himſelf ſo effectually, that he

ſubſtituted an equal quantity of the beſt and mildeſt tobacco in room of the parcel ſhe had brought with her, without the leaſt danger of diſcovery. At four o'clock the viſitants aſſembled, the kettle boiled, and the tobacco was committed to the tea-pot with ceremony and pomp. Mr. Gumberton, who preſided on this occaſion, in his exceſs of complaiſance, helped himſelf to the laſt diſh, though he very unfortunately was the firſt man that taſted the liquor. The flavour of it was not altogether agreeable; but as he had qualified his cup with a good quantity of milk and ſugar, the real taſte of the weed was ſomewhat diſguiſed, though its natural nauſeouſneſs could not be entirely concealed. The ſecond gulp he took, however, had ſuch an effect upon his ſtomach, that he began inwardly to curſe his own unfortunate condition, and to wiſh that he was drinking ale with his brother farmers in a country-village, rather than ſuch an abominable compoſition with wits and ſcholars at the univerſity. Though

Though his whole entrails were by this time violently diſcompoſed, Gumberton endeavoured to conceal his diſtreſs from the eyes of the company, and affected to extol the tea. He deſcanted on the fineneſs of its flavour, and declared it had the beſt colour he ever ſaw; and at length, by way of concluſion, added, with an air of very great ſagacity and importance, that he was very well pleaſed to find his grocer uſed him well, and that he ſhould take care to make him ſenſible of it, for he always was a good cuſtomer and a good friend, where he took a liking.

No ſooner had our orator pronounced the words, "where he took a liking," than the liquor, he had juſt ſwallowed, began to rumble in his bowels; and on a ſudden burſt through his teeth with ſuch impetuoſity, that poor Gumberton, in violation of all the laws of politeneſs and decorum, was compelled to diſgorge himſelf in the face of one of his profeſt friends and admirers,

admirers, who was unluckily planted at his right elbow, and at that very moment was liſtening to his diſcourſe with the moſt profound attention.

This unhappy ſituation of Gumberton, and the ridiculous excuſes he made on account of his indiſpoſition, afforded the higheſt diverſion imaginable to the company, who did not fail to beſtow the greateſt encomiums on Claſſic's contrivance and addreſs, as ſoon as they were made acquainted with the part he bore in this cataſtrophe, and the pains he had taken for their entertainment.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Gives an account of a moſt extraordinary Luſus Naturæ in a doctor of divinity, who was delivered of a folio.

OUR hero was ſo intoxicated with the praiſes he received on this occaſion, and met with ſo much ſucceſs in the proſecution of his miſchievous deſigns amongſt thoſe of his own ſtation, that he at length became deſirous of extending his reputation, and was ſeized with the ambition of exerciſing theſe fatal talents on his ſuperiors. Nor was it long before a favourable opportunity preſented itſelf to him, which he had neither power nor inclination to reſiſt.

There is to be found in all the colleges of our two renowned univerſities, a ſet of invalids, whoſe diſtemper is of the mind, rather than of the body. In the number of

of theſe imaginary ſufferers was one doctor Gobbett, who in conſequence of too much eating and drinking, and it may poſſibly be of too much ſtudying, was moſt terribly afflicted with lowneſs of ſpirits and the vapours. His diſorder indeed had riſen to ſuch an height, that his brain at certain times ſeemed to be affected by it. He once imagined that a cauliflower was growing from his noſe; and not long after, that his whole carcaſe was converted into a haunch of veniſon, which was to be ſerved up as a repaſt to the junior fellows; and at length, amidſt other extravagancies of his fancy, he ſo firmly conceited himſelf to be actually and really with child, that no arguments could convince him of the ſtrange deluſion he laboured under; and at length, in the height of his conſternation, he demanded the advice of a celebrated phyſician and man-midwife.

This gentleman accordingly attended him, and being determined to penetrate into

into the cauſe of his diſtemper, gave orders to his patient, that a ſufficient quantity of urine ſhould be preſerved for his inſpection. This direction of the phyſician was obſerved with the greateſt punctuality, and the fluid was carefully depoſited in a private cloſet. But, ſo ineffectual is human foreſight and precaution, no ſooner was the fluid depoſited as we have already mentioned, than Mrs. Dorothy Gotch, bed-maker and bed-tumbler to the whole college, arrived at the apartments of Dr. Gobbet, who was then unluckily playing at back-gammon in his ſtudy. As Mrs. Dorothy did not chuſe to diſturb him at his amuſements, ſhe retired to his bed-chamber, where, being hard preſſed by an extraordinary quantity of ale, ſhe had been drinking that morning, ſhe without the leaſt conſideration threw the ſacred liquor above-mentioned through the window, and afterwards ſupplied the deficiency, ſhe had occaſioned, by a copious ſtream from her own body.

Soon

Soon after this, the phyſician paid another viſit to his patient; and having demanded, whether or no his injunctions were complied with, was anſwered in the affirmative. As ſoon as he had ſignified his ſatisfaction at this obedience, which had been ſhewn to his commands, the chamber-pot was produced; the contents of which, he had no ſooner examined, than he cried out with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment and ſurpriſe, Good God! this your water, Sir! Why the party that owns this water is certainly with child. With child, doctor! with child! replied our unfortunate invalid. But alas! it muſt be ſo. I have a long time ſuſpected it, and now I am convinced it is too true. Oh! doctor, dear doctor, I have found myſelf ſwelling above theſe three months.

The phyſician, who had preſence of mind enough not to diſcover much ſurpriſe at this declaration, after comforting him with aſſurances of a ſpeedy delivery from his preſent

preſent misfortunes, and adviſing him to take care of himſelf in his delicate ſituation, retired to an adjoining coffee-houſe, where he publicly divulged the whimſical diſtreſs in which the doctor was involved.

So uncommon a ſtory was ſoon ſpread over the whole univerſity; and Claſſic hearing of it, with his uſual humanity took upon himſelf the office of providing a nurſe and midwife for the good woman in the ſtraw. He trumped up a ſtory of a lady's being ſeized with the pangs of child-birth, as ſhe was on a viſit at the college, and ſucceeded ſo well in his impoſition, that the nurſe and midwife, to whom he applied, immediately accompanied him to the doctor's room, who received no ſmall conſolation from their preſence.

Some aſſiſtance was now become abſolutely neceſſary for him, for he had been indulged with a large quantity of greens at dinner in compliance with his ſuppoſed ſitua-

ſituation, as he pretended to long for them, and was fully perſuaded that a miſcarriage, or ſomething worſe, would be the conſequence of a prohibition in this reſpect; and having indulged too freely on his favourite diet, he begun to be tormented with the cholic in ſo violent a degree, that the midwife herſelf looked on it as an omen of his ſpeedy delivery.

Thus perſuaded, ſhe made the uſual preparations for the expected event, and was on the point of thruſting her hand under the bed-cloaths for the ſake of making a critical examination on Gobbet, when the phyſician bolted into the room, and prevented her deſign. As ſoon as the matron recovered from the ſurpriſe, into which his ſudden appearance had thrown her, he imparted the real ſituation of his patient to her, and begged that ſhe would contribute to his relief, by engaging in an innocent ſcheme, which had been contrived for that purpoſe. To this propoſal the good woman aſſented,

assented, after observing that she had met with a most providential escape.

Had she known in how gross a manner she had been duped by the artifices of Classic, in all probability she would not have been very easily appeased: but of this she was quite ignorant; for that pretty gentleman finding that his ingenious contrivance was more celebrated, than he desired, and that he was suspected of being concerned in it, went to the physician, and candidly confessed the whole transaction. The physician, after rebuking him for his childish behaviour, and advising him to abstain from such silly pranks for the future, assured him, that he might for that time depend on his secrecy and protection.

In consequence of this promise, he gave the midwife to understand, that he himself had desired her attendance, and that the person he sent to conduct her, had mistaken the hour he appointed, and brought her to the doctor's room too soon.

This

This apology had its proper effect; and it was now determined that the ſcheme, which had been concerted for the relief of the afflicted doctor, ſhould be put in immediate execution. The phyſician then advancing to his patient, told him, that his evils were almoſt come to a concluſion, for the violent torments he had lately endured, plainly indicated that the critical minute of his delivery could not be far off. Gobbett replied, that he heartily wiſhed it was over, for he found his pains increaſing on him, and he was ſure he could not ſupport them in an higher degree, without burſting in the middle.

This was too favourable an opportunity to be neglected by our confederacy, who determined to make the beſt uſe of it. They accordingly proceeded with all the gradual advances and neceſſary ceremonies of the obſtetric art; and at length, after ſome pretended efforts on the ſide of the operators, and many real groans on that of the

the poor gentleman, a large Hebrew concordance was extracted from the bed-cloaths, to the great ſatisfaction of Gobbett, who found himſelf much at eaſe, after having got rid of ſo extraordinary a burden, tho' he was at a loſs to know, how ſo much divinity could have got within him, as he had not perplexed himſelf with the ſtudy of that abſtruſe ſcience, ever ſince he was an under-graduate.

CHAP. IX.

In which the great toe of a great man is in great danger.

NOtwithſtanding the life of diſſipation, in which Oxymel was engaged, and the connections he had with the looſer part of the univerſity, he ſtill contrived to live on terms of familiar acquaintance with ſome of the graveſt and moſt ſaturnine philoſophers that ever made their appearance in the world, ſince the demolition of Trophonius's cave. Even Oxford itſelf, the ſeat of truth and learning, is not entirely free from hypocriſy and enthuſiaſm. Within its walls are ſome few of thoſe infatuated mortals, who at preſent go under the denomination of Methodiſts, though they are nothing but a remnant of that perverſe and accurſed crew, who were formerly known by the name of Puritans and Independents.

In

In the number of theſe miſerable children of melancholy and regeneration was one Darkhouſe, who on his firſt admiſſion at college, was deſirous of gaining the reputation of a wit and ſcholar; but unhappily failing in this point through a little confuſion in the economy of his brain, in order to raiſe himſelf from the obſcurity in which he was involved, he embraced the doctrines of Whitefield, and went through the pangs of the new-birth with the utmoſt patience and perſeverance.

After this he applied himſelf cloſely to his ſtudies; and at length, by dint of immenſe application, he was capable of conſtruing a few lines in Homer, and telling the derivation of a Greek verb. In conſequence of this ſurpriſing improvement, he was regarded by thoſe of his own ſect, as a prodigy of learning. Every ſentence he uttered, was ſet down by them in their note-books; and every ſimper of his, conſtantly produced a laugh of approbation

among his friends and admirers. Though the only things of conſequence he ever was remembered to have ſaid in public, bating ſome ſpiritual effuſions, were theſe which follow. Having been once invited to an entertainment in the town, on his return to college, he obſerved, that there was a vaſt number of people where he had been; that they muſt have made clear tables, and left a pure dirty houſe behind them. And another time coming into the hall, and ſeeing nothing but a ſhoulder of mutton at the table, he declared that he ſhould be obliged to go without his dinner, for a ſhoulder of mutton was as good as nothing, and nothing was as good as a ſhoulder of mutton. It is impoſſible that any thing more ſtupid than this ſhould ever enter into the imagination of an human being; yet theſe ſentences were well received, becauſe the coxcomb, who uttered them, had by ſcrewing up his mouth, and making wry faces, acquired the reputation of a man of learning.

Con-

Contemptible as ſuch a character muſt appear, Oxymel could never treat him as he deſerved; but on the contrary, even contracted ſome degree of intimacy with him. The acquaintance of our hero was very agreeable to Darkhouſe, for as he was ſenſible of Oxymel's generoſity, ſo he determined to avail himſelf of it. Whenever an entertainment was going forward at Claſſic's apartments, he always contrived, by ſome means or other, to ſqueeze himſelf into the company; and this practice he continued ſo long, that at length the other grew tired with the repetition of his viſits. Nor was he leſs diſguſted at his meanneſs, for Darkhouſe had never made the leaſt return to the convivial civilities he had received from Claſſic, and ſeemed never to intend it. As our hero had too much ſpirit to be the dupe of any man living, he determined to give Darkhouſe ſome diſtant hints of his ſentiments on the ſtrangeneſs of his behaviour; and accordingly one afternoon, on pretence of not knowing how

to diſpoſe of his time, he ſignified to Darkhouſe his intention of ſpending the evening with him.

The ſaint told him he ſhould be extremely glad of his company at ſix, and Oxymel took him at his word, and waited on him at the appointed hour. Mr. Darkhouſe received him with great friendſhip, and told him, he hoped he would ſit with him till nine; and then, inſtead of producing a bottle, as might very reaſonably have been expected, he offered him a volume of Hervey's Meditations for his entertainment. Oxymel very readily complied with the humour of his kind entertainer, and almoſt finiſhed the firſt volume, before he took his leave.

When the proper time of departure was arrived, Darkhouſe thanked his good friend for the favour of his company, ſhook him by the hand, and begged of him, whenever he did not know how to diſpoſe of him-

himſelf, to let him ſee him without ceremony.

Oxymel could not reflect on this ungenerous behaviour, without ſome indignation. He immediately ſwore within himſelf, that he'd break off all correſpondence with ſo pitiful a ſcoundrel; but at the ſame time he determined to invite him once more to his own room, in order, that he might avoid the moſt diſtant appearance of being in his debt.

As ſoon as a convenient opportunity offered, he once more deſired the favour of Mr. Darkhouſe's company, who, ſo enamoured was he of our hero, obeyed the ſummons with great readineſs and alacrity.

As this would in all probability be the the laſt time of their meeting on friendly terms, Oxymel, inſtead of returning his own compliment upon him, and ſetting

him to his ſtudies, prepared a bowl of excellent punch, in making of which he was very ſkilful, for their mutual entertainment. The ſaint was overjoyed at the ſight, and toſſed off glaſs after glaſs with great glee and ſatisfaction; for it is an invariable rule with your religious gentlemen, never to refuſe good cheer, when they can come at it for no expence. About ten, the ſpirit began to operate ſo violently, that it was not without ſome difficulty that our ſaint was prevented from committing violence on the chaſte body of a ſuperannuated bed-maker, who at that time happened to make her appearance in the room; and to what lengths he might have proceeded, in ſpite of all the remonſtrances of Oxymel, is difficult to determine, had not the matron herſelf ſeconded the endeavours of our hero, by knocking Mr. Darkhouſe down with a large bundle of keys, which in conſequence of her office ſhe always carried about her.

This

This application had a very proper effect on our turbulent gentleman, whoſe paſſion ſeemed to be effectually calmed by it; but yet the ſpirit, which ſeemed to inſpire all his actions, was far from being repreſſed, for our miſerable offender fell immediately upon his knees, and begged pardon of Heaven with the utmoſt fervour, for the uncleanneſs of his thoughts, and the wickedneſs of his deſigns. He ſaid that what he had done muſt appear unſeemly in the ſight both of God and man, and that he moſt righteouſly deſerved damnation for it. Having uttered this affecting ſentence, he fell into a trance, by which he was ſo much comforted and edified, that when he awoke from it, he took Claſſic by the hand, and told him, he had ſeen a viſion, in conſequence of which, he was convinced that all his ſins were forgiven, and therefore he would have a parting bowl.

This propoſal was readily aſſented to, and as the punch was remarkably good,

Darkhouſe ſat talking and diſputing about religion, till three o'clock in the morning, at which time he ſallied out in queſt of his own apartment; but unhappily for him, he was in no capacity of accompliſhing his deſign, for the freſh air had ſo violent an effect on him, that he was obliged to take up his reſidence on a graſs-plat till the morning, when being found there, he was privately conveyed to his own room by the religious, who were afraid of being ſcandalized through his behaviour.

This diſgrace, which he had voluntarily brought upon himſelf, the ſaint conſidered as the effect of Oxymel's deſigns; and accordingly determined to embrace the firſt opportunity of taking vengeance on him; nor was it long before our hero furniſhed him with a very favourable one of indulging the malignity of his heart.

Soon after the above adventure, Claſſic entertained a ſelect party of Bucks at his apart-

apartments, who, though they had by ſome hours exceeded midnight, were ſtill unwilling to depart. Our hero would fain have perſuaded them to go, not from any motives of prudence or diſcretion, but becauſe they had already exhauſted all his liquor, and it was impoſſible to procure a farther ſupply within the walls of the college. But in ſpite of this convincing reaſon, they continued obſtinately deaf to his propoſal. On which our hero, without any farther ceremony, that he might gratify the humour of his gueſts, for he was a ſtrict obſerver of the laws of hoſpitality, conveyed himſelf into the ſtreet by the aſſiſtance of a ſtrong rope, and at length, after a tedious ramble through the ſtreets and alleys of the town, found means of repleniſhing a moſt enormous jug, which he carried on his ſhoulder for the purpoſe, with Oxford ale, the only liquor which could be procured at that unſeaſonable time.

During his abſence, the company, for want of proper employment, began to break the bowls and glaſſes, and at length grew ſo riotous, that Darkhouſe himſelf was diſturbed by the noiſe they made, and as ſoon as he diſcovered that it proceeded from Claſſic's room, he immediately went and alarmed his tutor, and complained of our hero in the moſt bitter terms, for diſturbing him in his ſtudies, at the ſame time alledging that this was the caſe almoſt every night. This tutor, who was notorious for the petulance of his temper, and remarkably fond of exerciſing his authority, huddled on his cloaths, and arriving at Claſſic's door under the auſpices of Darkhouſe, bounced into the room at once, to the aſtoniſhment and diſmay of every individual preſent. At the appearance of this tremendous figure, the noiſe, which had before been equal to the firing of twenty men of war, ſubſided in a moment into a ſtill calm. As ſoon as Carfax got into the room, he affected to ſtare, then ſhrugged

ged up his ſhoulders, then lifted up his hands, then cocked his eye, and then pulled one of the company by his legs from under a table, where in his panic he had endeavoured to ſecrete himſelf, and at length the whole exerciſe of academical priggiſhneſs being performed, he vouchſafed to admoniſh the company very ſeriouſly on the folly and indecency of their behaviour; and to confeſs the truth, there was too much occaſion for it. Some of his own pupils were in a ſtate of ſtupidity, and ſome in a ſtate of madneſs. The floor was almoſt covered with broken glaſſes and broken pipes. In one place lay a tattered gown, and in another the remnant of a perriwig. Here lay the ſacred Virgil in a chamber-pot, and there the immortal Homer in a punch-bowl.

Such an opportunity as this could never be neglected by a man fond of diſplaying his eloquence. Accordingly our orator declaimed before his drunken congregation,

with all the flouriſhes of rhetoric. Juſt as he had advanced to the moſt pathetic part of his harangue, Claſſic ſtaggered into the room with the jug of ale upon his ſhoulders, and bawled out in a tone of voice, that effectually drowned the ſound of the declaimer, Holla, boys! here it is! here it is! Zounds! here's proviſion for the convent: but no ſooner had he uttered the words, than to his great pleaſure he diſcovered the identical phyz of his own tutor, who was lifting up his hands and eyes in amazement at this extraordinary behaviour. Claſſic, though half drunk, had ſtill ſenſe enough to perceive the dilemma he was in; and though prudence was no part of his character, yet at that time he thought it neceſſary to rectify the miſtake he had committed by entering in that abrupt manner into the company of ſo reſpectable a perſonage. In conſequence of theſe reflections, he haſtened to ſet his jug down, and pull his cap off at the ſame time, in order that he

he might pay his reſpects to the doctor in a proper manner, when in his hurry and confuſion the jug ſlipped through his fingers, and moſt unfortunately pitched upon the doctor's great toe.

This, though a very unlucky accident for Claſſic, was a very lucky one for his fellow-culprits, for Carfax diſcharged his whole rage upon this inſolent offender, who, as he ſuppoſed, had deſignedly invaded him in this defenceleſs quarter. All our hero's excuſes were to no purpoſe. The enraged tutor diſcharged a whole volley of academical anathemas againſt him, and muttered ſomething about fines, impoſitions, and expulſions; and having at length exhauſted all his tropes and figures, he concluded with ordering the whole aſſembly to depart, and letting Claſſic know, that he might expect to hear from him very ſhortly.

Nor

Nor was he worſe than his word. The next morning our hero was ſummoned to attend him; when this furious tutor, after giving him a ſharp lecture, commanded him to confine himſelf to his room for the ſpace of ſix weeks, and in the time to tranſlate Zenophon's Apology for Socrates, and Cicero's Diſſertation de Senectute, into Engliſh, by way of atonement for the offence he had committed. What could induce ſo great a man, as a college tutor, to pitch on theſe two pieces as a puniſhment for a midnight frolic, we cannot conceive; unleſs it might have been on account of the great analogy there is betwixt getting drunk, and the defence of a philoſopher; betwixt making a riot and a diſſertation on old age.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

An academical adventure, which at length ends, as academical adventures generally do.

BEfore three days had elapſed, our hero's confinement began to ſit very heavy on him; nor was his chagrin at all diminiſhed, when he underſtood from one of his companions, that a fiſhing-ſcheme on the river Iſis was going forward, and that his company would be very agreeable to all that were concerned in it, for he knew that he muſt run the utmoſt hazard of ruin and detection, if he ventured abroad in his preſent circumſtances without leave from the reverend gentleman, under whoſe diſpleaſure he had fallen, and at the ſame time he had little hopes by any application whatever, of obtaining the leaſt remiſſion from his puniſhment. Yet notwithſtanding

ing the ſmall probability there was of his meeting with ſucceſs, he determined for once to try the effect of eloquence on his angry tutor, and accordingly waited on him with the pathetic ſtory of having an old friend in town, who was very deſirous of ſeeing him. Luckily for our hero, he choſe the only time, in which he ſtood any chance of having his requeſt granted. Carfax, in conſequence of two bottles extraordinary, which he had drank at dinner, was in exceeding good temper, and accordingly, for the firſt time in his life, received his pupil with a ſmile on his countenance, and very readily gave him his permiſſion. This news was ſoon imparted to all whom it concerned; and the next morning a detachment of academics ſet off by five o'clock in one of the largeſt boats they could provide, with Claſſic at the head of them, after they had firſt taken care to furniſh themſelves with nets, a piece of excellent cold beef, and ſome bottles of good college ale.

But

But their ſucceſs was by no means anſwerable to what might have been expected from theſe mighty preparations; for though the net was thrown ſeveral times, they had the ill luck not to catch a ſingle fiſh. To atone for this diſappointment, the whole fraternity at length agreed, without the leaſt regard to equity, that certain wicker machines, which had been depoſited in the river by fiſhermen, ſhould be examined, and whatever they contained, conſidered as lawful prize. This pretty ſcheme was immediately executed, and ſo effectually anſwered the expectations of our adventurers, that in a ſhort ſpace of time they made themſelves maſters of about five hundred cray-fiſh, and as many jacks, as would have ſerved a whole regiment of grenadiers for dinner. Being at length heartily fatigued, they determined to regale themſelves with the proviſions they had brought, and after a ſhort conſultation, agreed to caſt anchor under two willow-trees that grew on the edge of the river. Though the company ſeemed

to

to be very jovially inclined, yet Claſſic, to the amazement of them all, thought proper to go on ſhore. However, it was not long before they diſcovered his reaſon for it: for, whilſt they were in the midſt of their jollity, they were ſuddenly ſaluted with a moſt terrible diſcharge of dirt, ſtones, and pebbles, for which it was pretty evident, that they were obliged to their friend Claſſic, who now appeared mounted, like a coloſſus, on a conſiderable heap of clods and rubbiſh. From this eminence, he ſtill perſiſted to annoy his brother fiſhermen; and ſo dextrous a markſman was he, that actually knocked a whole bottle of ale into the river, which one of his companions had juſt elevated to his mouth, without doing him or the veſſel the leaſt injury. Theſe hoſtilities alarmed the whole ſociety, and they called upon Claſſic to deſiſt, on pain of being ducked, as ſoon as he returned to the boat. But this menace had ſo little effect, though delivered with a very ſerious air, that Oxymel began to lay about him,

him, the moment that he heard it, with tenfold fury, and made ſuch an infernal ſplaſhing in the water, that Neptune himſelf could ſcarce have borne ſo diſagreeable a ſituation. The gentlemen of the boat finding themſelves ſo violently beſieged, called a council of war, when it was reſolved with more unanimity, than was ever known in a council of war before, or any other council, to weigh anchor, and take refuge under a bridge, which lay a little on the right hand. Whilſt they were rowing off, in order to execute this deſign, they took care to inform Claſſic, that on account of his riotous behaviour, he ſhould not be admitted on board again, 'till the proviſions were entirely conſumed. This remonſtrance had a very proper effect on our hero, who began to think, he had carried the joke f... enough, and was at that time very well diſpoſed to a reconciliation. He accordingly made a thouſand apologies for the liberties he had taken, and promiſed

miſed to deport himſelf with proper civility for the future, but it was now too late; his ſubmiſſion was regarded as the effect of neceſſity, and his promiſes and ſupplications as cant and hypocriſy.

Whilſt his companions were regaling themſelves with the utmoſt ſecurity, and enjoying his mortification, Claſſic was not idle. Almoſt as ſoon as his companions had taken up their ſtation under the bridge, that fertile genius had formed a ſcheme for removing them from it. As this bridge was not quite ſo large as that at Weſtminſter, about ſixteen inches of the boat made their appearance at one end of it. Claſſic having obſerved this, very ſagaciouſly concluded, that a large ſtone, properly directed, would ſurpriſe the company, and perhaps ſend the veſſel floating down the ſtream, which would give him an opportunity of making his own terms. Having conceived this pretty project, and ſpent ſome few minutes in reconnoitring the place, he diſcovered a ſtone,

ſtone, which ſeemed exactly ſuited to his purpoſes. With much labour and fatigue, he at length raiſed it on the bridge, and rolling it carefully off, directed it ſo nicely, that it lighted on the very part of the boat, which he could have wiſhed, to the diſcompoſure of the whole company, who were as much aſtoniſhed as if an actual earthquake had happened, and almoſt in as much danger; for the ſtone fell with ſuch violence, that it made its way through one ſide of the boat, and expoſed the whole crew to the moſt imminent danger of their lives. Their ſituation was now both ludicrous and alarming, for they were afraid of continuing in their preſent ſtation, or of removing from it; for when the firſt ſhock was over, and the boat began to ſettle, it was found that they were ſafe enough, whilſt their veſſel was at reſt, though it might be a dangerous experiment to put her once in motion. In theſe perilous circumſtances, one of the moſt experienced amongſt theſe luckleſs adventurers, engaged

gaged to carry the veſſel to ſhore in ſafety, if the company would ſubmit to his directions. Being appointed commander in chief, he diſpoſed of the greater part of his luggage on the undamaged ſide of the boat, which contrivance tilted up the other in ſuch a manner, that there was not the leaſt appearance of danger, ſo long as the veſſel maintained its preſent poſition. Thus they floated with the utmoſt ſecurity on the ſurface of the water, and were now arrived within a few yards of the bank, when an unweildy commoner unfortunately inclining to the wrong ſide, the veſſel ſunk in a moment, and left the whole company up to their middle in the Iſis. Claſſic, who was an eye-witneſs of the diſaſter, ran headlong into the water to their aſſiſtance, and after conducting the greater part of them to the ſhore, extricated one of theſe unluckily navigators, the ſame, who by his unweildineſs had overſet the boat, from the mud, where he ſtuck faſt, and muſt have ſtuck for

for ever, by reaſon of his corpulency, had it not been for this timely relief which he received from our hero.

The affair being thus happily terminated, and Claſſic having obtained forgiveneſs of his companions, they began to conſider, in what manner they could return to college, but their conſultation was of no effect. After a ſhort debate, they deemed it impracticable that night, on account of the dangerous ſituation of their veſſel; and unanimouſly determined to diſperſe themſelves amongſt the neighbouring villages, if they could raiſe money for the evening's potation. But this being a commodity with which the younger academics are ſeldom troubled, except about quarter-day, the reader muſt not be ſurpriſed to hear, that, after a moſt accurate ſcrutiny, ſeven of theſe illuſtrious ſcholars could only muſter up the ſum of ſeventeen-pence half-penny amongſt them. This terrible deficiency diſconcerted the whole company, and

and had a very visible effect on their countenances: but this dejection was soon succeeded by the highest joy; for Classic, after having enjoyed their concern for some time, on a sudden pulled out three yellow-boys, vulgarly called guineas, and chucking them into the air, told them, they were heartily at their service. The Jews themselves were not more overjoyed at the sight of manna in the wilderness, than our adventurers at this reinforcement. Having made their proper acknowledgments to Classic, the majority of the company immediately adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse, whilst their benefactor amused himself with a ramble in the fields.

CHAP. XI.

Contains an illuſtration of a lemma in natural philoſophy.

WE have already hinted that our hero was of an amorous diſpoſition, yet though caution was by no means a part of his character, he had hitherto kept within proper bounds, and was perfectly innocent in this reſpect, if we may be allowed to except a few occaſional encounters, which he was ſuppoſed to have had with his laundreſs, and ſome flying game that frequented the ſkirts of the town; but this perhaps might have been owing to the want of allurements or opportunity, at leaſt it appears probable from his conduct, when any extraordinary temptation was thrown in his way.

Claſſic was now walking in one of the moſt delightful meadows in all Oxford-

ſhire, in one of thoſe ſerious, contemplative moods, which unnerve the mind, and lay the heart open to the moſt delicate ſenſations, when a nymph looſely robed, and beautiful as a grace croſſed before his view. Struck with the ſight, he haſtened to her, accoſted her, and ſoon entering into converſation with her, diſcovered that ſhe had been lately kept by a certain doctor of divinity, who had juſt diſcarded her, in conſequence of his being promoted to a deanery and a wife at the ſame time; and that ſhe was on the point of returning to London, from whence ſhe came. Claſſic, however, found means to alter her reſolution, and at laſt perſuaded her to accompany him to college, only with a view, I ſuppoſe, of making the confinement he was condemned to more agreeable; but in order to prevent any diſcovery from being made, the lady was equipped with a ſuit of men's cloaths, and an academical habit; ſome concealment of this ſort being abſolutely eſſential to the ſecurity of both, as all correſpondence

dence with the fair-ſex is univerſally prohibited at both univerſities, though univerſally carried on. In this new dreſs the lady cut an exceeding pretty figure, and was much admired by all our hero's acquaintance, to whom he introduced her as a pretty ſcholar, and a young fellow of great taſte. Nor was it ſo difficult a matter to carry on the deception, for as the lady had been well educated, ſhe was ſuperior in point of learning, to half the celebrated ſcholars of the univerſity; as well to the heavy pedant, who nods over a folio commentator with a night-cap on his head, as to the ſpruce, pert prig, who figures at coffee-houſes, or penneth acroſtics for the magazines. In this quarter they were perfectly ſecure, nor was the leaſt danger to have been apprehended from any other, had not Claſſic, in the fulneſs of his heart, betrayed the ſecret to one of his intimate companions, who, under the appearance of friendſhip, nouriſhed the moſt inveterate hatred againſt him. Our hero

had not only given him no occaſion of offence, but had alſo befriended him in ſome very important matters; but acts of kindneſs are always loſt on the ungrateful. This double dealing hypocrite envied Claſſic on account of his abilities, and was likewiſe retained by his tutor, as a ſpy; ſo that it is no wonder that he betrayed our inamoratos, when he had an opportunity of gratifying the moſt active paſſion of the human breaſt, and recommending himſelf to favour at the ſame time. Ready to burſt with his intelligence, he poſted away to his tutor's room, and having gained admittance, immediately diſcloſed the whole tranſaction. Carfax, whoſe name we have already celebrated, and to whom the information was made, vowed vengeance againſt the unhappy culprit; nor was he a little enraged, as he had never ventured himſelf beyond the embraces of a muſty bed-maker, to hear that ſo charming a damſel, as his ſycophant had deſcribed Claſſic's miſtreſs to be, ſhould be appropriated to the uſe of an under graduate.

ate. Beſides this, to complete the misfortune of our hero, he had lately offended the tutor, though unknowingly, by ſpeaking againſt great wigs and grave faces.

Our hero and the lady were enjoying the moſt delicious converſation imaginable, when they were alarmed by a violent knocking at their door, and the voice of Carfax, who demanded immediate admiſſion. Had Claſſic been perfectly innocent, the rage in which his tutor ſeemed to be, would have been ſufficient to diſturb him. What then muſt he have felt, guilty as he was, when he reflected, that the moſt ſevere puniſhment was always inflicted on incontinence. Terrified at the bare ſuppoſition of a diſcovery, he diſcloſed to his miſtreſs the danger in which he ſtood, and propoſed to her the expedient of retiring into his cellar, which ran a conſiderable way under-ground, as the laſt reſource; though there was little probability that even this would eſcape without a ſtrict ſearch. The propoſal be-

ing approved of, and the lady conveyed to her ſubterraneous abode, Claſſic with fear and trembling, unlocked the door, when Carfax immediately bolting in upon him, doubled his fiſt, and bawled out, "So, "ſo, young man! fine doings indeed! "what! you bring girls into college, do "you! but I'll ſend her to boccardo! "Where is the jade, the ſlut, the whore!" Whore! there has been no whore in my room theſe three months, replied Claſſic, except your own bed-maker. "How! "have you the impudence to lie before "me, returned the doctor! what! in my "preſence! but let us ſee your candle; "I ſhall have you expelled for theſe tricks. "I'll ſearch every corner of your apart-"ment; but firſt lock the door, young "man, and then proceeding with his ex-"amination of Claſſic, and the room at "the ſame time, continued his diſcourſe "in theſe words: a little this way; pray, "what's under that table? oh, very fine "indeed; nothing but a pair of bellows,

"and

" and a piece of an old Homer; and that's " the uſe you make of your books, is it? " you're a fine ſtudent indeed, to let your " Homer lie upon the ground. But come, " ſir, we'll walk into your bed-chamber. " And pray when was this bed made? A " plain proof, a plain proof; I ſhall cer- " tainly have you expelled. I inſiſt upon " knowing where the wench is." My bed-maker, ſays Claſſic, with great meekneſs, is juſt gone to borrow Stackhouſe's Body of Divinity. " What! that you may learn " whether fornication is allowable or no, " retorted the doctor; but that won't go " down with me. Here, let us examine " this cloſet; firſt tell me what door is " this." This, replied Claſſic, is the door of my ale-cellar. " Of your ale-cellar, in- " deed! What has a young man, like you, " to do with ale! Ale! I'll ſoon ſee what " ſort of ale you keep in it. The key, the " key, ſir; this moment, ſir; this inſtant, " ſir." Claſſic not appearing very willing to comply with this requeſt, Carfax re-

peated his demand, at the ſame time threatening to alarm the college in caſe of a refuſal. This was too powerful an argument to be withſtood; and Claſſic, who had now very little of the hero in him, without further heſitation delivered up the key.

The preſent ſituation of our culprit is ſo truly miſerable, that the torture and ſuſpenſe he is now in, may be deemed a ſufficient atonement for all the ſins he ever had committed. The door was now opened, and Carfax deſcended into the cellar, cautiouſly examining every nook and corner in his way; and at length, to the confuſion of Oxymel, diſcovered the poor girl, half dead with fear, and endeavouring to ſecrete herſelf behind an old hamper. Exulting at his ſucceſs, he exclaimed, "Aye, aye, I thought I ſhould find you "out. Attempt to deceive me; no, no, "young man, I am not to be deceived. "Come, madam, walk up; I'll take care "and provide you with a lodging to-night,

"but

" but it ſhall be a little harder than what " you expected."

There was now no room for reflection. Carfax was already mounted on the ſtair-caſe, holding the candle in one hand, and dragging the girl after him by the other. However, though Claſſic was almoſt ſtupified by his misfortune, yet he ſtill found means of averting the blow which threatened him; for no ſooner had the doctor gained the ſummit of the ſtairs, than our hero, by a kind of inſtinctive motion, locked the door, and declared, in the moſt peremptory manner, that he would never open it again.

The rueful tutor was both ſurpriſed and incenſed at this ſudden alteration of affairs. For ſome moments he curſed, ſwore, and threatened; and having thus given vent to his indignation, he condeſcended ſo far as to expoſtulate with his pupil on the injuſtice of this behaviour; but ſo far was he

from profiting by his eloquence, that Claſſic declared, if he did not refrain from his abuſe, that he would immediately lodge an information againſt him for contaminating his cellar. This menace had a proper effect on the gentleman under ground, who forthwith altered his tone, and even made ſome humble apologies for his intruſion into our hero's apartment, which he proteſted did not proceed from ill-nature, or any diſguſt he had taken to the perſon of Claſſic, but merely from a principle of conſcience, which ſtimulated him to this faithful diſcharge of his duty. This favourable diſpoſition of the tutor was encouraged by his fair companion, who, beſides other remonſtrances, began to lay ſuch violent hands on him, that he was under no ſmall apprehenſions for the ſafety of his perſon. Being now ready to ſubmit to any terms that might be propoſed to him, Claſſic inſiſted on his promiſing to overlook every thing that had paſt, and confirming that promiſe

promiſe by an oath. To this the doctor ſtrongly objected, as he thought the mere Verbum Sacerdotis a ſufficient ſecurity, in any caſe whatever: but in ſpite of all his reluctance, he was compelled to yield to the obſtinacy of Claſſic, who could by no means be prevailed on to give up this point. The preliminaries thus adjuſted, it was at length, after much altercation, ſtipulated betwixt them, that our hero, on his part, ſhould releaſe the tutor from the cellar, and diſmiſs the wench; and on the doctor's, that he ſhould entirely forget what had happened, and remit the puniſhment, he had lately inflicted on Claſſic, for letting the jug fall on his great toe. Theſe matters being ſettled, the doctor, whoſe pride ſeemed to be ſufficiently humbled, was immediately delivered from his confinement; but no ſooner did he begin to ſcent the upper air again, than his former pomp and petulance returned. Inſtead of thanking Oxymel for his generous be-

haviour, he eyed him with the utmoſt indignation in his countenance, and told him very plainly, that he was an impudent ſcoundrel, for preſuming to treat one of his rank and character in ſo infamous a manner: however, continued he, as you have extorted a promiſe from me, I ſhall let you eſcape this time; but if I ever find you treſpaſſing again, you may depend on meeting with the puniſhment you have already deſerved. For the preſent take that lady out of college, and for the future bring no more ladies into it.

Claſſic, who was not at all inclined to diſpute theſe commands, deſired the lady to follow him; which the tutor obſerving, thought proper to attend them to the college gate, where he took his leave, after having ordered Claſſic to return home, as ſoon as he had provided her with a place in the ſtage-coach. Oxymel, with great ſubmiſſion, promiſed to obey him; but inſtead of

of conducting the lady to the inn, he conducted her back again to his own apartment. This is one of thoſe fine ſtrokes, which ſerve to diſtinguiſh men of genius, from the common herd of mankind. Claſſic, like a conſummate general, concluded, that the enemy would never expect to find him taking up his quarters in the ſame place, where he had been ſo lately routed. In ſhort, the greatneſs of the danger, was, in his opinion, a ſufficient proof, that there was no danger at all.

To theſe meaſures, bold and hazardous as they were, our hero was indebted for his ſecurity; for had he continued at the inn with his fair companion for the ſpace of five minutes, they would both have certainly been taken by certain officers of the univerſity, whom Carfax, by a mean evaſion of his promiſe, had diſpatched after them for that purpoſe. Theſe miniſters of vengeance, however, being eluded by this counter-

counter-march, our hero retired in ſafety, together with his Lucy, to his own apartment; where they enjoyed a moſt voluptuous evening, the pleaſure of which was conſiderably enhanced by the recollection of the danger they had eſcaped. What paſt betwixt them on this occaſion, we ſhall not, out of reſpect to the delicacy of this virtuous age, preſume to determine; though in all probability it was a ſcene of the ſame nature with, that, which was often acted betwixt Paris and Helen, Cupid and Pſyche, Antony and Cleopatra; a ſcene, in which the doctrines of action and re-action were obſerved and enforced; doctrines which, though diſcovered by the moderns, were full as ſerviceable to the ancients, as ourſelves. Bleſſed be thoſe natural philoſophers, who have diſcovered, that whatever force is impreſſed on the body, which is ſtruck, will by its re action be deſtroyed in the ſtriking body. Had it not been for this diſpoſition of things, heaven only knows,

knows, what would have become of Oxymel and Lucy. The young and vigorous Lucy, for ought we know, might have thrown our hero through the window; and our hero, hot and impetuous as he was, might have driven his dear Lucy through the feather-bed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Oxford, ingratitude, and a battle.

NOtwithſtanding the levity hitherto diſcernible in the diſpoſition of our hero, and the contempt he had for all academical inſtitutions, yet for the honour of his character, it is neceſſary to declare, that no one was more jealous of any infringements on the privileges of the univerſity, or more ready to vindicate his *alma mater* on all occaſions, than himſelf.

Every inſult offered to the body, of which he was a member, the vanity of human nature taught him to conſider as an inſult offered to himſelf; and beſides this, he was ſtrongly attached by intereſt and inclination, to many individuals in that ſociety. But from whatever motives his conduct, and that of many others in the ſame ſitua-

ſituation with himſelf, might ariſe, it was of the utmoſt ſervice to the junior part of the univerſity.

Though the academical laws, inſtituted for the ſake of keeping the younger ſtudents within due bounds, are penned and executed with the ſeverity of a Draco, yet they are ſtrangely deficient in protecting them from injuries and contempt; or if they are not deficient in this reſpect, they are altogether neglected, which amounts almoſt to the ſame thing.

The townſmen themſelves, who are chiefly dependent on the ſtudents for their very exiſtence, take every opportunity of treating them with contumely; and there has been, from time immemorial, a perpetual war carried on betwixt the Oxford bargemen, and the Oxford ſcholars.

Theſe bargemen are, of all mankind, the moſt ungrateful and uncivilized; and amongſt

amongſt other inſtances of their barbarity and ingratitude, the following may, with the greateſt propriety, be introduced in this part of our work.

As a company of young ſtudents were once diverting themſelves in a boat upon the water, a gang of bargemen coming by at that inſtant, attacked them in moſt opprobious terms, though without having received the leaſt provocation. The ſtudents, exaſperated at this treatment, retorted their abuſe; on which the barbarians began to pelt them with coals, and whatever offenſive weapons accident ſupplied them with. This attack was anſwered from the boat by a furious diſcharge of glaſſes, bottles, and tobacco-pipes; and ſo effectually did the Oxonians uſe their ammunition, that the bargemen were at length compelled to ſheer off. At laſt, however, rallying their forces again, they fell upon the ſcholars with ſuch impetuoſity, that they in their turn were likewiſe compelled to retire; when

when the bargemen perſued them with ſo much fury, that our routed ſtudents quitted their boat, and betook themſelves to ſhore for ſafety.

As ſoon as they had made their eſcape to college, they ſummoned their allies together, and complained of the injury they had met with. Claſſic and all his aſſociates took fire at the recital, and unanimouſly agreed, that the inſolence of the bargemen ought by no means to paſs unrevenged. In conſequence of this reſolution, a party of thoſe who had been mal-treated, were detached to reconnoitre the enemy. After obſerving their motions for the ſpace of three days, they brought word, that the foe was lodged, to a conſiderable number, at the ſhoulder of mutton, an houſe of no very honourable reputation in the ſuburbs of Oxford. At this intelligence, the ſtudents collected all their force together, and repairing to the houſe, unluckily found the enemy much more formidable, than had been at firſt apprehended.

On this diſcovery, our ſcholars, inſtead of proceeding to immediate action, began to parley with the foe. The bargemen, too, themſelves, as they were not at that time under the inſpiration of ale or gin, were more pacific than could have been expected.

In all probability, the expedition would have ended very peaceably, had it not been for the ſudden entrance of one of the moſt boiſterous amongſt the ringleaders of theſe ſons of Neptune, who, the moment that he came into the room, began to ſhoulder thoſe who ſtood next to him, and forcing his way to the upper end of the room, planted himſelf before the fire in no very reſpectful poſture.

Inſtead of propoſing any terms of accommodation, he began to ridicule the gownſmen, and carried his impertinence to ſuch a pitch, that a certain mettleſome blade, being exaſperated at his behaviour, ſnatched

ſnatched a red-hot poker from the fire, and applied it, with moſt hearty good-will, to the leathern breeches of the declaimer. As ſoon as the fellow felt the effects of that offenſive weapon, he entertained the company with ſuch a variety of curvetings and caperings, that an indifferent ſpectator would have taken him for a merry-andrew: and this agility of his was accompanied by the moſt proper ſort of muſic imaginable; a muſic, which ſounded ſomething like the trumpeting of a jack-aſs, and which ſerved as an effectual alarm to war.

Both ſides, at the ſame inſtant, ruſhed forth into the ſtreet, and a moſt dreadful conflict began. Never, perhaps, in the memory of man, was ſo great a number of broken heads and bloody noſes given and received in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time; and ſuch was the confuſion attending this horrid fray, that it was impoſſible to diſcover which fiſt did the miſchief, or which did not.

After

After a moſt ſevere conteſt, the bargemen were on the point of taking to their heels, when a party of drunken barbers coming to their relief, turned the ſcale, and obliged the gown to fly. The enemy made the beſt uſe of the advantage they had gained, and our vanquiſhed ſcholars were forced to take refuge in an inn yard. Having barricadoed the doors, though the enemy was cloſe behind them, the bargemen attempted to burſt them open; but theſe being properly ſecured, one detachment of ſcholars ſeized upon the hay-loft, whilſt another was employed in furniſhing them with arms and ammunition from the ruins of an old houſe. With theſe weapons, our Oxonians ſo annoyed their antagoniſts, that the great and illuſtrious hero, who ſuffered ſo much before the battle began, thought proper to draw off his men; though he curſed and ſwore at the ſame time, that he had loſt above a pound and an half of his poſteriors.

But

But we ſincerely beg the reader's pardon for this digreſſion; and as it is the only digreſſion we have already made, and the only one we ever ſhall make, there can be no doubt of our obtaining it; ſo now for Claſſic and the hiſtory.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Setteth forth ſome ſtrange devices of our hero.

CLaſſic having got rid of his literary puniſhment, and abridged the term of his confinement, was once more at full liberty to follow his own inclinations. Had he now determined on a reformation, his former behaviour could have been attended with no bad conſequences; but inſtead of this, he perſued his former courſes with double reliſh, and indeed ſeemed to be confirmed in his iniquity, by the ſucceſs he met with. He now, not only had the audacity to get drunk, but even carried his preſumption ſo far, as to ridicule ſome of the great men on the foundation of the college. He obſerved of one, who was remarkable for a ſneering and affected countenance, that if wit conſiſted in making wry faces, he was one of the greateſt wits

that

that ever lived; and of another, who was perpetually retailing ſcraps of Greek and Latin poetry, that it was entirely owing to the fellow's modeſty, for the poor man, ſays he, is conſcious to himſelf of having but a very ſmall portion of learning, and through his exceſſive diffidence, is afraid that his acquaintance ſhould think, he had none at all; unleſs he uſed ſome ſuch means of convincing them, that he had.

As theſe ſort of compliments could not fail of procuring him many enemies, ſo his conduct in general was not at all calculated for gaining him any friends. Being naturally of a proud and independent ſpirit, he could ill brook the ſervility of his ſtation, and that homage, which the laws of the univerſity required him to pay a ſet of haughty, upſtart foundationers. Whilſt he thought himſelf not inferior to any of them in merit or learning, it is no wonder that he ſometimes had confidence enough to paſs a ſtrutting graduate, without ſhewing him the leaſt reſpect; but this pride or negli-

gence, or whatever the reader pleaſes to call it, had well nigh involved him in a moſt fatal adventure.

It is well known to every one, who is acquainted with the government and police of our univerſities, that it is often more dangerous to offend one of thoſe little tyrants, who, by dint of intereſt, or the accident of having been brought up at this or that ſchool, have been ſqueezed into the foundation of a college, than a prime miniſter of ſtate; and of this our hero had like to have been a living inſtance. It happened one day that Claſſic, though without deſign, neglected to pay the compliment of his cap to a certain great man of his college. The haughty graduate, who was a little, clumſy, ſnub-noſed, pedantic coxcomb, was moſt highly offended at this mark of diſreſpect; eſpecially as he chanced at that time to have ſome ladies with him, in whoſe eyes he was deſirous of appearing with all his dignity and importance. To ſhew his authority, he called after our hero

with

with the inſolence of a Turkiſh baſhaw, and aſked him, where his cap was? Oxymel, nettled at this behaviour, very bluntly anſwered, where it ought to be in wet weather, for a ſmall ſhower of rain luckily fell at that inſtant, and without condeſcending to ſhew him the leaſt mark of reſpect, immediately walked off.

On this, the angry pedant lodged a complaint againſt our hero; and as it was an affair of the utmoſt conſequence, a convocation of caſuiſts and divines was aſſembled on the occaſion. The cauſe was examined in full divan; and after a moſt partial hearing, our unhappy culprit was condemned to make atonement for his fault, by aſking pardon on his knees. This abject ſubmiſſion he abſolutely refuſed; and for thus aſſerting his own independency with the ſpirit of a Roman, it was propoſed by the two moſt learned doctors, Nightcap and Decanter, that he ſhould be publicly expelled the college. This

ſentence, unjuſt as it may appear, would have been executed with the utmoſt ſeverity, had not Oxymel's accuſer been obliged to interpoſe in his behalf, by one of the ladies, who was witneſs to the whole tranſaction, and who admired our hero's ſpirit, as well as his perſon, which at that time was ſuch, as might very well attract the notice of a lady.

Though Claſſic ſo luckily eſcaped from the ruin which threatened him, yet he was by no means reconciled to his ſituation. Many circumſtances concurred to render it diſagreeable to him. He was not only chagrined at the inferiority of his ſtation, and the intolerable petulance of blockheads, who were his ſuperiors only in rank and fortune, but he likewiſe found himſelf incommoded by the frequent viſits of his tradeſmen; for as he had forfeited all title to college favour, by his ſtrange demeanour, every creditor he had, was alarmed at the proſpect of loſing his money; and in conſe-

conſequence of this, our hero's anti-chamber in a ſhort time became the general rendezvous of the moſt reputable inhabitants of the whole city.

For a while he put them off with promiſes and compliments; but this ſort of food is too unſubſtantial for the voracious appetite of an Oxford dun. Our hero's creditors grew more frequent in their viſits; and Claſſic finding himſelf extremely incommoded by it, conſtantly kept the outward door of his chamber faſt locked, whenever he was at home; nor could the moſt ſollicitous of his creditors gain admiſſion to him, though they ſometimes thundered with ſo much violence, as to alarm half the college.

Even in this ſtate of uneaſineſs and ſuſpenſe, Claſſic was not entirely abandoned by his gaiety: the murmurings and curſes of his diſappointed creditors, which he frequently overheard, furniſhed him with

ample matter of amuſement; but the impatience of an old beldam, to whom he was indebted for four gallons and an half of ale, afforded him more diverſion than all the others put together. Before Claſſic had fallen upon his preſent ſcheme, this lady, for the ſpace of three whole months, had been perpetually at his heels, which ſo highly provoked him, that he determined never to grant her admiſſion on any account whatever; yet, notwithſtanding the many unneceſſary jaunts ſhe had taken in conſequence of this reſolution, ſhe continued to attend him with her uſual aſſiduity, ſo that he often had the pleaſure of hearing her utter the following ſoliloquy. After kicking at the door for half an hour together, the antiquated hag at laſt uſed to loſe all patience, and cry out, "Never at home, never at home; "one would wonder where he ſpends all "his time: yet it is no wonder at all; ſuch "rakes are never at a loſs for company. "Well, my money's gone: I ſuppoſe I

"muſt

" muſt loſe my whole debt; but I'll plague " him, I'll haunt him; I'll to all the houſes " in town, but I'll find him out." Having thus given vent to her indignation, ſhe conſtantly ſet off in a hard trot, in ſearch of our hero, who at the ſame time was ſitting ſecurely in his own room, over a ſea-coal fire, with an Ovid or a Congreve in his hand.

But this plan, well digeſted as it was, at length began to fail him; for his creditors finding their attendance at his room, anſwer no manner of purpoſe, deſiſted from their viſits, and beſet the avenues of the college, by which means their prey uſed too frequently to fall into their hands. In order to remedy this inconvenience, whenever his occaſions called him into the town, poor Oxymel, ſometimes at the danger of breaking his neck, ventured to ſcale the college wall, and at other times employed his advanced guard, which conſiſted of his moſt intimate ac-

quaintance, to reconnoitre the ground, before he ſallied forth. But this not anſwering the end effectually, our hero called an aſſembly of all his brother-ſtudents, who were in the ſame ſituation with himſelf, and having expatiated on the inconveniencies which the greater part of the college laboured under, by being expoſed to theſe impertinent viſitors, he propoſed, that they ſhould each of them be furniſhed with a horn, and take it in their turns to watch at the different entrances of the college.

The propoſal was approved of, and put into immediate execution. In conſequence of which, as ſoon as any of thoſe terrible monſters, called duns, approached, the horn was ſounded; and this ſignal being given, all, who were under any apprehenſions, immediately retired to their places of ſecurity, and at length the creditors themſelves, upon hearing it, would ſcamper out of college, as if beelzebub himſelf had been at their backs.

By

By theſe devices, Claſſic had hitherto made ſhift to keep out of the clutches of his tradeſmen, but it is not probable that he could have done ſo much longer, had it not been for a great revolution in his affairs, which we ſhall now proceed to recount.

In relating great affairs, it is neceſſary to trace things to their firſt ſource; for which reaſon we muſt remind the reader of the enmity which ſubſiſted betwixt Darkhouſe and our hero, and which had not yet ſubſided. Claſſic indeed, to confeſs the truth, was ſo far from taking any meaſures for reconciling himſelf to the good opinion of his adverſary, that he embraced every opportunity of ridiculing and expoſing him, and, which made the breach ſtill wider, very frequently diſturbed him at his devout exerciſes, by mimicking his tone and geſture. Darkhouſe was extremely incenſed at this petulance of Claſſic, and determined within himſelf to ſeize the firſt opportunity of revenge; nor was it long before our in-

cautious youth preſented him with as favourable an one, as he could have wiſhed for.

Claſſic, who ſeldom paid much regard either to time or place, happened one night to go to prayers in a very drunken condition, when the other immediately conceived a project of revenge, which he put in execution, as ſoon as prayers were over, by pulling off our hero's wig, and throwing it in his face, without having received the leaſt inſult or provocation. This rude attack, as muſt have naturally been concluded, was reſented by our impatient youth; who directly damn'd Darkhouſe for a ſly, hypocritical raſcal, and began to exert his legs and arms about the carcaſe of his antagoniſt, with ſo much fury, that in all probability the ſaint would have been entirely demoliſhed, had not Carfax, who was at a little diſtance from the ſcene of action, interpoſed in his favour, even at the hazard of his own perſon. This venerable peace-

maker

maker compromiſed the affair, and ordered Claſſic to be conducted to his own apartment, where he was committed to the care of his bed-maker, who with ſome difficulty, at length prevailed on him to retire to reſt.

CHAP. XIV.

Contains Claſſic's examination, trial, and condemnation.

CLaſſic was no ſooner got to-bed, than he fell into a moſt ſound repoſe, which laſted 'till twelve o'clock the next day. As ſoon as he awoke, he began to recollect ſomething of the laſt night's adventure; but he had ſo confuſed and imperfect an idea of it, that he ſcarce knew with whom he had been fighting, or on what account. Whilſt he was tormenting himſelf to no purpoſe, in endeavouring to recall to his memory the occaſion of the brawl, he was diſturbed in the midſt of his meditations, by a loud rapping at his chamber door, which he had no ſooner opened, than he was accoſted by a college footman, who ſignified to him, that doctor Gorgon deſired to ſpeak with him immediately at the deanery.

Oxmyel

Oxymel having received this meſſage, equipped himſelf as decently as poſſible, and ſet out with an heart full of fear and trembling; for his ſpirits were quite ſunk by his late debauch, and he could impute this unexpected ſummons, to nothing but ſome information that had been lodged againſt him, on account of his riotous behaviour. But before we proceed any farther, it may not be improper to give the reader a faint ſketch of the perſon and character of the gentleman, whom Claſſic was ordered to attend, eſpecially as this portrait will ſuit almoſt all the heads of colleges in either of our univerſities. We ſhall likewiſe introduce a ſhort abſtract from the hiſtory of this great man, as it may be of ſervice to the younger academics, and teach them the art of riſing in the church, better than all the ancient fathers put togethet.

This Gorgon then, was originally brought up at the public expence; I mean, at one of

of thoſe ſchools, which have been ſo richly endowed by our fooliſh fore fathers, for the ſupport of pedants, prigs, and coxcombs. Being by this lucky circumſtance in his education entitled to preferment, he ſoon obtained ſuch as the college had for him. However, he had not continued many years at the univerſity, before he thought proper to renounce his ſtudies, and accept of a commiſſion in the army; but unluckily having too much indolence, and too little courage for a military life, he ſoon quitted it, and returned again to the univerſity. In this place, according to the common cuſtom of it, he ſpeedily, by dint of intereſt, got preferment enough to render him independent of the world; when he paid his addreſſes to a very amiable lady, who at that time was on a viſit at one of his friend's houſes. Having gained her affections, a day was appointed for the ſolemnization of their nuptials. In the mean time, another lady, of much greater fortune, and, what was ſtill a much greater in-

inducement, the daughter of a D—ke, though inferior to this in every accompliſhment of mind or body, coming to Oxford, and being ſmit with the charms of this eccleſiaſtical hero, he infamouſly broke off all correſpondence with the lady to whom he had been engaged, and married the other, whom he had not known three months. The conſequence of which was, that the unfortunate lady, who was diſappointed, had well nigh run mad, and the doctor in a ſhort time was promoted to a deanery, and, as we are informed, ſtands fair for a biſhopric. On his advancement, his inſolence grew to ſo ſurpriſing a pitch, that he was as much dreaded by all the members of the college, where he commanded, as a London juſtice is by a Covent-Garden whore: and good reaſon there was for it; for excluſive of the majeſty of his deportment, which conſiſted in a moſt gigantic ſtrut, nothing more terrific, than his countenance, could poſſibly be conceived. His head was nearly of the ſame

ſize,

ſize, and exactly of the ſame aſpect, with the giants in Guildhall; and was certainly compoſed of very near the ſame materials with theirs, notwithſtanding what ſome of his flatterers may have ſaid to the contrary.

To do him juſtice, it muſt be confeſſed that a cannon-ball might have made ſome impreſſion on it, though at the ſame time we muſt obſerve, that Virgil and Horace had never been able to do it. In conſequence of this, as he could never gain the reputation of a claſſical ſcholar, he contented himſelf with that of a polite one, and this he attained by retailing a ſet of faſhionable phraſes, and now and then telling ſome of the junior ſcholars what was French for bread and butter. In one word, he was a compoſition of pride and ignorance, inſolence and ſtupidity. A wit amongſt bed-makers and under-graduates, and a fool amongſt men of learning and his equals. A moſt imperious tyrant in his own college, and a moſt abject ſycophant

phant every where elſe. So very vile, infamous, and contemptible, that, had his father, when he was begetting him, known what a wretch he was going to give birth to, he, in the midſt of all his tranſports and enjoyments, tho' at that moment he had had a Cleopatra, or an A———m in his arms, who is ten times handſomer than a Cleopatra, would have ſtopped half way.

This was the great perſonage before whom Claſſic was ſummoned to appear; and by him he was received in his ſtudy, where he ſat intrenched up to the very chin with books, which he had neither inclination nor ability to read. As ſoon as our hero entered the apartment, Gorgon firſt looked at him, and then ſquinted at a folio, which lay beſide him; and having repeated this pantomimic geſture half a dozen times, he at length ſeemed to wake from a profound reverie, and broke ſilence in theſe words: "So! young man, I hear you got drunk t'other

" t'other night; and moreover, I am told " that you make a frequent practice of it." To this elegant addreſs, Claſſic would have made a reply, had he not been prevented by the dean, who told him, " He had not " ſent for him there to hear him ſpeak in " his own defence, but to inform him of " the ſentence he intended to paſs on him. " I have been talking with your tutor," proceeded he, " and he tells me you are " incorrigible, and you ſhall not ſtay in " my college, I am determined on it; you " ſhall not ſtay in my college."

Notwithſtanding this ſeeming reſolution of Mr. Dean, Claſſic would not give up his cauſe, deſperate as it ſeemed to be; for tho' he hated and deſpiſed his preſent ſituation, yet he could not be inſenſible of the diſgrace which would attend a public expulſion, and the fatal conſequences which might reſult from it. In alleviation of his conduct, he pleaded his youth and inexperience, and made moſt earneſt proteſtations

tions of future amendment, in a manner that would have convinced any one of his ſincerity, who had not a moſt wicked heart of his own. At laſt, when all other arguments failed, he painted the anguiſh which a fond and tender father muſt feel, from the diſgrace and ruin of an only ſon, with all the eloquence which real grief is maſter of. But this had no more effect on his inexorable judge, than it would have had on the college walls.

In anſwer to what our hero had urged in his own behalf, this d—n, this doctor, this divine, aſſuming a look of the higheſt inſolence, replied, "What is "that to me! What is your father to "me!" and then lowering his creſt a little, and ſoftening his voice, with a coolneſs and conceit ten times more provoking than his former inſolence, and a compliment to himſelf on his cloſe reaſoning, he ſays, "You yourſelf, young man, if you "conſider, muſt allow, that your father "is

" is nothing at all to me." Oxymel, fired with indignation at this ſupercilious treatment, told him, if he had known his character and diſpoſition, he ſhould not have made uſe of the plea he did; and that he could not help admiring his own ſtupidity, in attempting to excite compaſſion in the breaſt of a man, who, though the ſervant of the Saviour of the world, was deſtitute of common humanity. Having thus diſcloſed his ſentiments, he flung out of the room, and immediately cut his name out of the college books.

Poor Claſſic was now reduced to the ſame ſituation he was in, when he firſt came into the world: he was as deſtitute of every thing, and almoſt as unable to aſſiſt himſelf; yet in this deſperate ſtate, his reſolution was far from failing him. Inſtead of being diſheartened, he felt a gleam of ſatisfaction at being maſter of his own conduct, and congratulated himſelf on his de-

livery

livery from a ſtate of the moſt ſervile dependency.

A college life, indeed, was never ſuited to his diſpoſition; and the meanneſſes he obſerved practiſed there every day, ſerved only to fill him with indignation and diſguſt. On examining the diſcipline of our colleges, he condemned them all as moſt abſurd inſtitutions; nor was there ſo much injuſtice in his deciſion, as may be apprehended by thoſe who live at a diſtance from univerſities, and in conſequence of that, entertain the moſt profound veneration for them. Thoſe ſcandalous badges of ſubſerviency and dependence, which every undergraduate is compelled to wear, might be ſuitable enough to a deſpotic government, but in a place of freedom, are moſt intolerable grievances.

What can we expect from our clergy, thus trained to ſlavery, and obliged to pay the moſt abſolute homage to the moſt illiterate blockheads? What indeed can we

expect

expect from them, but what they generally turn out, a ſet of ſervile place men, and mean dependents on a miniſter of ſtate! Here it is, that we are firſt inſtructed in the noble art of cringing; cringing makes us wits and ſcholars; cringing gets preferment, and cringing has made more good divines, than the New Teſtament.

Beſides this, the characters of thoſe very men, who are choſen to preſide over the education of our youth, are far from being the moſt amiable. The tutors in general, though ſome few exceptions may be made, are either prigs, or pedants; pert fools, or ſerious blockheads; contemptible as to their qualifications, and deteſtable on account of their haughtineſs and rapacity. The caricatura of a college-tutor would cut no indifferent figure, were it executed by an Hogarth: his belly might conſiſt of legs of mutton, haunches of veniſon, and roaſt-beef, packed cloſe together; his legs and thighs by two ſtiff poſts, as belonging

to

to one, who is too proud to bend either to God or man; the hieroglyphic of his head might be expreſſed by a large tea-cheſt, cut into the ſhape of a folio lexicon, with a greaſy night-cap drawn over it; and to complete the picture, a pipe of an exorbitant length might be conveniently ſtuck in the key-hole of the ſaid tea-cheſt, which ſhould be there held by two lobſter's claws, inſtead of arms, emblematically ſignifying, that the graſp of theſe gentlemen is ſo tenacious, as ſeldom to let any thing go, which they have once laid hold on. In a word, wit and learning ſeem to have been long ſince baniſhed from the univerſity, and it is thought they will not return, 'till that reſpect is paid to them, which is now ſhewn only to family and fortune. However, there is no reaſon to fear that our univerſities ſhould any ways decline, for their room is ſupplied by a certain demon, which has often been miſtook for wiſdom, eſpecially by the preſent age.

Solemn

Solemn Stupidity now appears as the guardian of the place, with unhappy Genius kneeling on the left hand, with his cap off; whilſt Hypocondriac Melancholy ſits in the poſt of honour, meditating and feeling her own pulſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Claſſic falls out of the frying-pan into the fire.

NOtwithſtanding the tranquillity which our hero enjoyed for ſome time, after this ſevere ſtroke had fallen on him, yet his mind was at length agitated by the moſt ſevere reflections. In ſpite of all his philoſophy, when he conſidered his own diſtreſt ſituation, he could no longer preſerve the ſerenity of his temper, or bear the triumph of his avowed enemies. He curſed his own incautious conduct, and condemned with the utmoſt acrimony, the ſeverity with which he had been treated. He looked upon himſelf as unconnected with the world, and diſcarded by ſociety; and in conſequence of this, began to cheriſh ſome romantic deſigns for his ſupport. One moment he would go to Ireland; another, he would be a player; and the next, he would

enliſt under the banners of Whitefield, and turn Methodiſt preacher. Had the buccaneers of America exiſted at that time, he would moſt certainly have joined them; and, after all, he might perhaps have made a tolerable good b—ſhop, as it is well known that a late venerable prelate was formerly of that order.

But though they were already extirpated, he determined at all events to tranſport himſelf to the Weſt Indies, where he made no doubt, but that he ſhould be received as a welcome gueſt.

When he was on the point of putting this pretty deſign in execution, he very unexpectedly received a letter from his father, who conjured him, in the moſt tender terms, to return home, and at the ſame time aſſured him of a kind reception. This tenderneſs was not loſt upon our hero, who now reſolved to comply with the requeſt of this his beſt and deareſt friend, though

though he could not eaſily divine by what means he had gained intelligence of his misfortunes, 'till one of the moſt intimate of his companions, told him, that as he was no ſtranger to the deſperate ſcheme he had formed, he had taken the liberty of writing to his father, as the only probable means of diverting him from his purpoſe. This declaration was ſo far from having the effect, which might have been reaſonably expected, that Oxymel's pride immediately took the alarm, and ſuggeſted to him, that this well-meant deſign of his friend would appear in all probability to be a ſcheme concerted by himſelf, in order to awaken the fears of his father, and facilitate the way to a reconciliation; and indeed it was ſome time before our hero could be convinced, but that he ought to go to America, to ſhew the world that he had no hand in the contrivance. However, he was at length compelled to give up his opinion, and to ſet out for his father's

houſe, which he did with rather leſs alacrity, than he had left it two years before.

The reception which he met with from his indulgent parent was ſuch, as few ſons in his circumſtances would have experienced. In one word, it was to the laſt degree kind and endearing; and indeed he ſtood in need of ſome indulgence at home, for he met with very different treatment abroad. The whole neighbourhood was exceſſively enraged at his miſconduct; a thouſand lies were raiſed about him, and not a ſingle tongue wagged at any tea-table in the whole pariſh for the ſpace of ſix weeks, but at his expence; and to complete his diſgrace, a certain over-grown coach-maker, who from being a journeyman at ſixteen ſhillings a week, had riſen to the dignity of keeping a ſhop, and making vehicles for ſome of the nobility, had the good-nature to propoſe taking the boy apprentice, without any premium or

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gratuity. These insults, however, instead of depressing his spirit, served only to rouze his courage, and had so good an effect on his behaviour, that his friends began to hope that he might make a second attempt at the university of Cambridge, with some prospect of success, notwithstanding he had once already failed.

As Classic was not slow in making professions of amendment, admission was soon procured for him into a certain college in the said celebrated university, where, as he was fully determined on a thorough reformation, he made no doubt of distinguishing himself by his talents and application; but never did he meet with a more terrible disappointment than in this respect, for he now found himself altogether in a new element. The studies of the place were by no means adapted to his genius, and the conversation of those, with whom he was obliged to associate, gave him the spleen.

He could not without indignation behold the reſpect which was in generality ſhewn to mathematical learning, and the contempt in which claſſical and polite literature was held by the major part of the univerſity. It chagrined him to ſee Cocker's arithmetic more regarded than his favourite Congreve, and the eternal Euclid preferred to Steele and Wycherley.

Our hero now heartily repented of having ventured a ſecond time on an academical life, for he found he had not a ſufficient ſhare of dullneſs ever to paſs for a philoſopher, or even ambition enough to deſire it. The honours indeed which are annually diſtributed at this famous ſeat of learning might have raiſed his emulation; had he not been convinced, that they were attained by intereſt, and not by any ſuperior degree of merit. In ſhort, he was more weary of his preſent ſituation, than he had ever been of his former, for inſtead of being placed in a ſociety of claſſics, wits

wits and men of ſenſe, as he expected, he found that he had got amongſt a parcel of blackſmiths, carpenters and mechanics.—When he happened to ſpend an evening abroad, the converſation generally turned on the vaſt power of the leaver, the difference betwixt concavity and convexity, the utility of algebra, or the excellence of multiplication table; or perhaps ſome ſtupid wrangler, when wine had got the better of his natural phlegm, would employ himſelf in deſcrying the claſſics, and in extolling the vaſt advantages of mathematical learning. This was a ſubject at which Oxymel conſtantly took fire, and once in a fit of enthuſiaſm, he ventured ſo far as to ridicule the favorite ſcience of his philoſophical comrades, and to tell a celebrated wrangler to his face, that he looked upon him and all the philoſophers in the univerſity, to be more contemptible than ſerving-men or ſhoe-blacks, and inferior in point of uſeful learning to an academy of

Dutchmen; and not contented with theſe ſevere ſarcaſms, he even attributed their love of the mathematics, to their incapacity of ſucceeding in the politer ſtudies. This was conſidered at Cambridge as no leſs a crime than blaſphemy itſelf, and indeed it may with truth be aſſerted, that it would be much ſafer to ſpeak there againſt the holy trinity, than againſt the uſe of triangles, curves, teleſcopes, and foſſils.—No ſooner had our hero broached theſe impious and heretical opinions, than an univerſal clamour was raiſed at his expence, and a thouſand mathematical jokes let off againſt him. One obſerved, that the diſk of his underſtanding was obumbrated; another that he'd ſoon fly off from college in a tangent; and a third, that he would ſhortly be in a total eclipſe. Nay, he was at laſt regarded as ſo ſtrange and deteſtable a monſter, that a wrangler would turn up his noſe at him with the moſt ſupercilious contempt, a grave don would ſhake his head

head and ſhut his eyes as he paſſed by him; and for the ſake of ſtaring at him, a mechanic would leave his anvil, a tutor his bed-maker, and a virtuoſo his cockle-ſhells.

Though Claſſic was thus almoſt entirely ſhut out from the philoſophical world, yet he was by no means deſtitute of aſſociates; for notwithſtanding the ſmall encouragement which polite literature generally meets with at this renowned univerſity, yet there is no part of the whole univerſe, where the Claſſics are more carefully cultivated, or better underſtood, than by ſome few individuals at Cambridge. It has of late years indeed, as well as formerly, produced ſome of the firſt writers in Great-Britain, notwithſtanding all the diſcouragements they may have met with. If it could formerly boaſt of a Dryden, a Prior, and a Milton, ſo it may now of a Grey, a Whitehead, and a Maſon; and wit and genius ſtill continue

to thrive there in the midſt of ſyſtems, problems, lemmas and philoſophy, as gold and diamonds are often found in the midſt of dirt and rubbiſh.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

A good Philoſopher a good Fox-Hunter.

NOtwithſtanding our hero's profeſſed attachment to thoſe ſtudies, which are held in contempt at the univerſity of Cambridge, yet there was a certain great mathematician there, who ſtill vouchſafed to favour him with his countenance and protection. Whether this condeſcenſion proceeded from any real regard which he entertained for Claſſic, or whether it was owing to ſome private ſervices which he received at the hands of our hero, we ſhall not pretend to determine, though it ſeems reaſonable to attribute it to his perſonal affection for our hero, ſince he was the only mathematician in the place, who did not conſider him as a moſt vile reprobate, for the ſevere ſatyr which he played off againſt their darling ſcience; but callous

as he ſeemed to all the general cenſures of our hero, he was very far from behaving with this ſtoical indifference, when he himſelf became the object of his ridicule, as he did very ſoon after the commencement of their acquaintance.

Claſſic, who had a moſt inſinuating addreſs, could eaſily procure friends, though his ſatyrical diſpoſition too often prevented him from keeping them; for his great misfortune was, that he could reſiſt no opportunity of laughing himſelf, or of making other people laugh, nor could he ever effectually cure himſelf of this diſpoſition, though the greateſt calamities which he ever met with, might be derived from this cauſe. But we ſhall proceed to illuſtrate the dangerous tendency of wit without diſcretion, by recounting the adventures of Mr. Oxymel Claſſic, and Mr. Concave Grub, that great and worthy mathematician, with whom our hero was ſo cloſely connected.

But

But to trace matters from their original, we think it neceſſary to inform our readers, that this Mr. Grub, in ſpite of his great attachment to the mathematics, had condeſcended to beſtow a little of his time on the ſtudy of Divinity, and as a reward for his humility had already obtained a very valuable living about fifteen miles diſtant from the univerſity, to which he was very frequently obliged to ride; and as he was fond of a companion, Oxymel generally attended him in theſe occaſional excurſions.

In one of theſe unfortunate expeditions it was that our hero incurred the diſpleaſure of this profound mathematician, at which perhaps the reader will not be much ſurpriſed, when we have acquainted him with ſome peculiarities of mind and perſon, which were obſervable in the philoſopher.

Amongſt many other ſtrange whimſies of a diſordered imagination, Mr. Concave Grub

Grub thought himſelf the moſt profound adept in philoſophical learning that ever exiſted; an opinion which we preſume might be derived from the extraordinary ſucceſs, with which his ſtudies had been attended; for he had not only obtained ſome conſiderable honours at the univerſity, but had likewiſe (which perhaps may in juſtice be deemed a more certain proof of his merit) carried off ſeveral prizes by publiſhing algebraical queſtions in the Ladies Diary. Beſides this he was really poſſeſſed of a moſt happy faculty for framing problems and enigmas; and, to render ſo great a character ſtill more venerable, he had as pretty a knack at twanging of his ſunday's diſcourſe, as any popular preacher in the three kingdoms.

Thus much for his intellects, as to his outward man, it muſt be confeſſed on all hands, that he exhibited one of the moſt mathematical figures that can poſſibly be conceived. In his face might be diſcerned the

the aſperity of a Delawar Indian, and the ſimplicity of an ideot, moſt happily united; his coat, which conſiſted of four pieces of black cloth ſtitched together, might have been thought faſhionable three centuries ago; and whenever he rode forth, a monſtrous pair of jack boots aſcended half way up his thighs, becauſe, as he himſelf obſerved, friction was very bad for cloth breeches, and he, for ſome particular reaſons, did not chooſe to wear any other. His perriwig would have been an ornament to one of the Cyclops, and this was covered by a ſtiff beaver, almoſt as large as a moderate umbrella; from the edge of which there projected a roſe of ſuch prodigious magnitude, that as Concave rode along, the farmers and their horſes actually took fright at it.

Let the reader imagine to himſelf this mathematical figure on horſe-back, ſo firm and erect, that he deſcribed no more of a curve, than a ſtrait line does, preſerving his

his ſeat without the leaſt viſible motion, in defiance of a trot that would have ſhaken one part of a centaur from the other, and then let him blame our hero if he can, for violating that reſpect which was due to ſo facred a perſonage.

Concave having ſet off firſt, his companion modeſtly contented himſelf with bringing up the rear. In this poſition our two travellers for ſome time advanced in their progreſs to a country chriſtening, when on a ſudden Claſſic, whoſe imagination always teemed with miſchief, alarmed the philoſopher with a violent exclamation of, O Lord! O Lord! who forthwith ſtopped his horſe, and demanded to know the reaſon of it. Why, zounds! cries Claſſic, I believe I am on the back of a devil. My nag is ſo mettleſome, that I can ſcarce manage him. He friſks about, and prances at ſuch a rate, that I ſhall never be able to ride him to our journey's end. Ride him, ſays Concave, I don't know how you ſhould,

for

for my part I wonder you can ride at all. Ride at all, replied Claſſic, why I have been on horſeback oftener than you have. That is nothing at all to the purpoſe, retorted Concave. If you have been on horſeback oftener than I have, you don't underſtand mechanics, and I inſiſt upon it, that a man who does not underſtand mechanics, can never ride. He may indeed ſit upon his horſe, but he can never ride well. That is ſtrange, ſays Claſſic, for the famous Singleton, who won the plate laſt year at Newmarket, knows nothing of mechanics, and yet he rides as well as any man living. Pſhaw, pſhaw, all ſtuff and nonſenſe, cried Concave, all ſtuff and nonſenſe, riding depends entirely on mechanics. It is only preſerving an equilibrium, which I'll explain to you ſome time or other, and teach you the exact poſition.

I believe, Doctor, rejoined our hero, the Greeks and Trojans rode pretty well, and you yourſelf muſt allow, that they knew nothing,

nothing at all of mechanics. Greeks and Trojans! ſaid Concave laughing, your head always runs upon Greeks and Trojans, and old Homer, and ſuch fools. Attend my lectures, and I'll inſtruct you in the art of riding. In two months time, I'll qualify you in ſuch a manner, that the wildeſt horſe in the univerſe ſhall not be able to fling you; nay, I'll learn you to ride in three weeks by making you practiſe on a deal board. Since you are ſo well ſkilled in riding, Doctor, I heartily wiſh you would change horſes with me, ſaid Claſſic; with all my heart, replies the philoſopher, come, my lad, diſmount, diſmount, and let me get up, I'll make you a convert to the mathematics preſently. It is only preſerving an equilibrium, Claſſic: You know, I was never on horſe-back two hundred times in my life, yet I'll manage him: obſerve my poſition. See what a ſeat I have: mind how I ſit him.

As ſoon as Grub had uttered this harangue, our hero aſked him if he had gained the

the true mathematical poſition; and being anſwered in the affirmative, gave his whip a ſmack; on which the generous courſer ſet off in full gallop, and the ill-omen'd rider, in ſpite of his equilibrium, his mechanics, and his poſition, at length fell head foremoſt into a ditch.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

In which many Speculations, as curious and uſeful, as the generality of Speculations, are recommended to the reader.

THE unfortunate philoſopher being recovered from the ditch, and mounted on his own horſe again, by the aſſiſtance of Claſſic, our two adventurers accompliſhed the remaining part of their journey without any further interruptions; though they had deſigned to return to the univerſity the ſame night, they were prevented by the civility of their hoſt, and the extraordinary quantity of ale and pudding, which the mathematician had ſwallowed; however, the next day in the afternoon they ſet off together for college, with the greateſt unanimity. They travelled on without the leaſt danger of pleaſing or offending each other, for neither of them ſpoke a ſingle

ſyllable

ſyllable for the ſpace of two whole hours; our hero being wrapped in moſt profound admiration at Concave's wig, and Concave himſelf being likewiſe as buſily employed in the ſolution of an enigma.

They would both of them, in all probability, have continued in this reverie to the end of their journey, had not the attention of the philoſopher been called of from his enigma, by ſomething more worthy the obſervation of a naturaliſt.

As our hero was in deep contemplation on the ſubject already mentioned, he was ſuddenly awakened from it by the extravagant behaviour of his companion, who juſt as they were turning the corner of an hedge, without any previous notice, ſet off at full gallop, and in leſs than three minutes left his companion a good half mile behind him. Claſſic being alarmed at ſuch a ſudden ſtart, immediately ſet out after him, and demanded to know the reaſon of

of ſuch uncommon expedition. But no anſwer could he get to this civil queſtion 'till he gave the philoſopher a hearty cut acroſs the back with his horſe whip, who then having firſt bleſſed himſelf half a dozen times, and uttered the word prodigious as many, declared to Claſſic, that he had a moſt curious obſervation to impart to him; only obſerve that Phenomenon, Claſſic, ſays he, pointing with his fore finger to his horſe's neck. Phenomenon—I can ſee nothing but a parcel of flies buzzing about your horſe's ears, replied Claſſic, and if you call that a phenomenon—Yes, Sir, I do call it a Phenomenon, and a moſt extraordinary Phenomenon too; Boyle would have given the world to have made the diſcovery, that I have, anſwered the philoſopher. What is it, cries Claſſic? I'll certainly ſend an account of it to the royal ſociety, to be publiſhed in their next philoſophical tranſactions, continued Concave. What the devil is it, that you are going to

ſend

ſend an account of, bawls out our hero? Claſſic, ſays Concave, I would not have miſſed this morning's ride for a living of two hundred a year. Claſſic, I'll give you two bottles of wine at night, and a couple of chickens—Damn your chickens, will you tell me what you mean, or will you not? ſaid Claſſic. How wondrous are the ways of Providence! how fearfully are all creatures made! whined out the philoſopher. Oh! Claſſic, obſerve thoſe flies; Claſſic, I ſay, obſerve thoſe flies. I do, ſays Claſſic; I do obſerve them, and I'll lay this gelding againſt your wig, that I gueſs what your diſcovery is. You! you gueſs what my diſcovery is, replied Concave; no, Sir, it is not for ſuch heads as yours to find out my diſcoveries, that I can aſſure you. Why lord, ſaid Claſſic, I have made it myſelf an hundred times before. I warrant me now, you have juſt found out in the profundity of your wiſdom, that, as there are no ſurgeons in the community of horſes, Providence

dence has wiſely hit upon this method of letting them blood in hot weather. Ha! ha! you are quite out, my young friend; you are quite out indeed, replied Concave, though I muſt confeſs your obſervation is not much amiſs. But, Sir, I have been meditating on the wondrous velocity of theſe little inſects. Is it not ſurprizing that ſo diminutive a creature can fly as faſt as ſo prodigious an one, as an horſe, can trot? And what is more ſurpriſing ſtill, they can even keep up with him at full gallop. I have juſt now tried the experiment, and in conſequence of that am conſidering at what an immenſe rate a fly would go, could there only be one as big as an horſe; or what confuſion it would create in the world, had horſes wings like flies. You may ſpare yourſelf the trouble of your calculation, ſaid Claſſic, ſince it is impoſſible a fly ſhould be as big as a horſe, or a horſe have wings. But yet for curioſity's ſake, I'll make the calculation,

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replied Concave. Before you do though, cries Claſſic, you ought to be certain that the fly is poſſeſſed of that wonderful velocity you have been ſpeaking of; ~~which~~ which at preſent may admit of ſome diſpute; for if you'll pleaſe to obſerve, you'll find that they frequently ſettle on the horſe's neck, nor are any of them able to keep up with him five yards together.—Why, zounds! Sir, I have been galloping this half hour, replied Concave, and can't you ſee my horſe's neck is yet full of flies. That may be, anſwered Claſſic, for there are innumerable ſwarms of them amongſt thoſe buſhes, and as ſoon as one is beaten off, or left behind, there is another ready to ſuceed. You are a fool, I tell you: You are a fool, retorted Concave. I know theſe are the very ſelf ſame flies, that ſet off with me from yonder hedge. I kept my eye on them all the way, and I am determined, as ſoon as I get home, to write an eſſay on the occaſion.

With this ſpeech the dialogue was concluded, for Concave was ſo much incenſed at the impertinence of his Fellow-traveller, that he whipped his horſe on, and ſwore he would hold no further converſation with ſo abſurd and ſenſeleſs a block-head, and perhaps Oxymel would have had little more of the philoſopher's company had not night come on before they could reach town. As ſoon as it grew dark, Concave was afraid of travelling by himſelf, and in conſequence of that fear thought proper to halt, 'till our hero came up with him.

Thus they jogged on in moſt profound ſilence, 'till they were alarmed by the ſudden appearance of a very large and luminus body in the air. Claſſic was the firſt who expreſſed his ſurprize at it, and Concave himſelf at length pronounced it to be a moſt extraordinary Phenomenon, at the ſame time deſiring Claſſic to ſtop a little, that he might have an opportunity of examining it with ſome degree of accuracy.

This

This being complied with, on the part of our hero, the philoſopher, after having viewed it attentively for five or ſix minutes, told Claſſic, he'd give fifty pounds if he had but his Teleſcope about him; for then, ſays he, I might be more certain in my conjectures. However, at preſent I am of opinion, that it is a ſtar of the ſame nature, with that which made it's appearance on the death of Julius Cæſar, and really, betwixt friends, I wiſh it may not prognoſticate ſome great revolution.

Claſſic, who had no mind to enter into a freſh diſpute, agreed with him, and juſt hinted, that it might probably be the forerunner of the mathematical Profeſſor's death, and Concave's advancement to the chair. To which Concave replied, that it muſt either be a ſtar, or elſe ſome heavenly body, that had ſtraggled out of its way. Nay, continues he, now I recollect, we have had a very warm ſummer this year, and it is worth enquiring, whether or no this ex-

traordinary body of fire, may not be the occaſion of it; things more improbable than this have been found to be ſomething more than mere conjecture, when they have been examined into. However, I will not determine too raſhly about it. I muſt obſerve it's progreſs in the heavens, and it's different appearances at different times; perhaps I may at length be able to aſcertain what it really is. After all I am inclined to think it may only be a Comet, though we can't ſee the tail of it.

With theſe and ſuch like ingenious conjectures was our hero entertained, 'till he and his companion had advanced to the ſkirts of the town; when they were alarmed by the ſhouts and raptures of a detachment of rambling ſchool-boys, who where intent on the ſame object, which had ſo long engaged the attention, and diſturbed the brain of Concave. They, however, ſeemed tranſported with the appearance, and on Claſſic's

Claſſic's applying to them for information in this important affair, gave him to underſtand, that that moſt extraordinary Phenomenon, which the philoſopher had taken for a comet, was nothing more or leſs, than an overgrown turnip, ſcraped 'till it was tranſparent, and tied with a farthing candle in it to the tail of a paper kite.

Oh! ye makers of ſyſtems, ye fabricators of lemmas and propoſitions; and Oh! ye gentle and refined ſpeculatiſts, who fill up the magazines, the diaries, and the philoſophical tranſactions with your labours, plague the world no more with your extravagance and ſtupidity. Would to Heaven, that you and your works were laid on an heap together, and ſet on fire by the farthing candle already mentioned: your works, that the poor world may no longer be tormented by them: and yourſelves, leſt, if you ſurvived the terrible

Cataſtrophe, you might, through your marvellous ſagacity, miſtake the light produced on that occaſion, for an eruption from Mount Ætna, or Veſuvius.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Exhibits a true Detail of the Diſgrace, Exaltation, Pride and Wantonneſs of Claſſic.

SOON after theſe adventures, our hero having unluckily uttered ſome unguarded expreſſions over a bumper, his enemies made an handle of it, and a moſt ſevere accuſation was preferred againſt him. He was not only charged with deiſm and infidelity, on account of the contempt with which he had treaty the Mathematics, but even refuſed the liberty of ſpeaking in his own behalf; and with ſo little reverence had he behaved himſelf toward his ſuperiors, that he could not find a ſingle advocate, who would undertake his defence. Concave indeed might have ſaved him, but that philoſopher was too much exaſperated againſt him, to interfere in the affair.

Accordingly when his trial came on before a court of mathematicians, he was found

guilty by them (on what account let the reader judge) of believing neither in God nor Devil; and in conſequence of this honeſt determination, it was propoſed, that he ſhould be deſired to leave their ſociety.

As his tutor had been commiſſioned to communicate to our hero, the reſolution which had been taken, he ſent for him, and in very few words acquainted him with his doom. Though Claſſic was ſurprized at the ſeverity of his ſentence, yet he was far from being ſhocked, or diſpleaſed at it: He very calmly told his tutor, that he was tired of the ſtudies and the place, and that he did not care how ſoon he quitted them.

Having thus ſhewn his contempt of the perſecution that had been raiſed againſt him, he immediately retired to his own apartment, in order to deliberate with more freedom on his preſent ſituation; however, he

he had not much room for deliberation, for his bed-maker ſoon interrupted him with a pacquet of letters, which ſhe had juſt received for him at the hands of the poſtman. The ſight of them gave him hopes of hearing ſome agreeable news, which might make him amends for his late diſaſter, and he ſeized the pacquet with the utmoſt eagerneſs. In the firſt letter, which he read, he found that one of his moſt dear and intimate friends was at that time lying on his death bed, and in the ſecond that his father was already dead.

That he was both ſhocked and grieved at theſe melancholy events, may be eaſily imagined; ye he neither curſed his fortune, nor fainted away: Inſtead of ſinking beneath the force of ſo many misfortunes, he determined to exert himſelf more vigorouſly than ever.

As he now had no dependence, but on himſelf, he diſpoſed of the few things in

his poſſeſſion, and ſet out for London with the firſt opportunity. As ſoon as he arrived there, his firſt buſineſs was to provide himſelf with lodgings in the cheapeſt part of the metropolis, and his next to conſider with himſelf what method he ſhould take for his future ſubſiſtence; but ſo much time was ſpent in conſideration, ſo many various ſchemes were formed and rejected, that his finances were almoſt exhauſted, before he came to any reſolution. Had he not been bleſſed with a moſt extraordinary ſhare of ſtoical indifference, he muſt have ſunk beneath his preſent calamities; for the little fortune he was once maſter of, had been long ſince ſquandered away; his reputation was ſhipwrecked; his moſt intimate friend was dying, he had loſt his beloved miſtreſs, and his father was already dead. His former acquaintance ſhunned and deſpiſed him; his enemies triumphed over his diſgrace, and they, who pretended to be his friends, either openly cen-

cenſured his miſconduct, or privately inſulted him with their advice.

Yet Claſſic ſtill preſerved his former gaiety and independence; and being provoked by the remonſtrances of ſome who could, and perhaps would have aſſiſted him, he at once broke off all connections with them.

When he had done this, inſtead of making uſe of the preſent moment, he, by a ſtrange infatuation, let the time ſlip away, till he was reduced to his laſt guinea. This was the only thing in his poſſeſſion, that could purchaſe a dinner, and when that was once demoliſhed, he was pretty certain of going without one. Being brought to this extremity, he began to practice œconomy, and to contract the number of his meals; but as much as he ſtinted his appetite, he regaled his imagination. Sometimes he entertained thoughts of carrying a muſket, in the ſervice of the Eaſt

India company, and, in his own mind, flattered himſelf with hopes of riſing to the ſupreme command, and of returning to England with an immenſe fortune. Nay, he was once actually mounted in his own chariot, where he ſat ſneering and laughing at all, whom he ſuſpected of being any ways his enemies, when he was interrupted, in this moſt agreeable reverie, by the arrival of a tankard of porter and the news paper. Though he ſhowed no outward ſigns of diſpleaſure, yet there is good reaſon to believe, that he was more chagrined at this interruption, than at all the calamities which had befallen him ſince his firſt entrance into the world. However, as it was impoſſible for him to recall the pleaſing deception, which he had before enjoyed, he at laſt took up the paper, with a view of amuſing himſelf with the nonſenſe and abſurdities, which are generally to be found in thoſe periodical publications. As he was careleſly glancing his eye over the laſt column of the paper, he

ſaw

ſaw an advertiſement importing, that an aſſiſtant, well qualified to teach the Greek and Latin languages, was wanted at an eminent academy near town: the idea of offering himſelf for this lucrative employment immediately ſuggeſted itſelf to him; on which he dreſſed himſelf for the purpoſe, and ſet out in queſt of the place appointed for the meeting of the candidates, which was at a neighbouring coffee-houſe.

We might here preſent the reader with a group of the moſt extraordinary characters, that ever were exhibited to the public; but let it be ſufficient to obſerve, that profeſſors of polite literature might be found here from almoſt every country under heaven; and, among the reſt of the competitors, there was a French dancing maſter, a Dutch phyſician, and a Scotch uſher, who was talking Latin to one of the waiters in a corner.

As ſoon as theſe gentlemen had received their audience, our hero was introduced to the preſence of Mr. Protinus, the worthy and reſpectable ſchoolmaſter, who had inſerted the advertiſement in the paper. Mr. Protinus, who, in his countenance, had all the arch pertneſs of an hackney writer, joined with the myſterious gravity of an apothecary's journeyman, who is juſt on the point of adminiſtering a clyſter, was ſeated in an elbow chair, and ſurrounded by ſome half dozen of his apprentices and underſtrappers. In this ſtate he received the reſpects of Claſſic; but inſtead of returning this ſalute, he cried out: So! you are come to look after this place too, I ſuppoſe. Pray, where was you brought up? What education have you had? You look very young. Have you ever been engaged in a ſchool before?

To this elegant harangue our hero replied, that it was a matter of ſome difficulty

culty to anſwer ſo many queſtions; however, Sir, ſays he, if you will do me the pleaſure to repeat them once more, I'll endeavour to give you all the ſatisfaction that you deſire. This requeſt was complied with; and the queſtions being repeated again, in the ſame ſupercilious tone, Claſſic told Mr. Protinus, that he muſt certainly be a man of vaſt ſagacity, for he had moſt happily divined his buſineſs at that houſe: that, with regard to his education, he had received as liberal an one as any man in company; that, tho' he was but young, yet he thought himſelf old enough for the buſineſs he intended to undertake; and, with regard to his having been engaged in a ſchool before, he had not even been in one, ſince he went to the univerſity.

Mr. Protinus was not a little offended at this cavalier treatment; yet, inſtead of making any anſwer to it, he deſired one of his friends, who ſat next to him as examiner,

ner, to give the young man Cornelius Nepos, and the Greek Teſtament, that he might ſhew them what he could do. The gentleman, on whom this important office devolved, opened the Teſtament with the utmoſt ſolemnity, and preſented it to Claſſic with a moſt arch and critical countenance, at the ſame time deſiring him to conſtrue a verſe or two in it: but Claſſic, inſtead of accepting the book, damned his examiner for an impudent ſcoundrel, and ſlapped the New Teſtament in his face. As ſoon as he had performed this pretty feat, he took to his heels, and ſcampered through the coffee room with all his might, to the amazement of every individual in it. And as he expected every moment to be ſeized for an aſſault and battery, he ſlackened nothing of his ſpeed, till his ſtrength was ſo exhauſted, that he was obliged to halt and recover his wind. When he was come a little to himſelf, and began to conſider the prank he had played,

and

and the diſcompoſure which it occaſioned in the ſolemn fop, who had preſumption enough to doubt his abilities, he burſt out into ſo immoderate a fit of laughter, that he was forced to ſupport himſelf by ſome iron rails, which accidentally ſtood in his way, to the entertainment of whole crowds of people, who were paſſing and repaſſing.

Whilſt he was indulging his mirth in this manner, on a ſudden he heard ſomebody come along puffing and blowing; and, as he made no doubt but he was the perſon perſued, he once more took to his heels. However, the race had not been continued long, before his perſuer overtook him; whom Claſſic would moſt certainly, without the leaſt ceremony, have laid in the kennel, had he not been prevented, by the civil queſtion of, "What "the devil was the matter with you, that "you came galloping through the coffee "room at that rate! We all thought you "had

" had unluckily fallen upon a bum-bailiff,
" and was endeavouring to make your
" eſcape from him; but ſeeing nobody
" follow you, and being unable to diſcover
" the cauſe of your extraordinary ſpeed,
" I could not refrain from coming after
" you for the ſatisfaction of my curioſity."

Claſſic finding himſelf thus civilly accoſted, gave an explicit account of the whole affair, and concluded with obſerving, that though he had behaved in ſo ſtrange a manner, yet his preſent circumſtances were ſuch, as made it abſolutely neceſſary for him to accept of the firſt offer that might be made him. Why then, replied the ſtranger, it is very lucky that I have overtaken you, for, at this time, I know of a vacancy in a ſchool not far from London; and I am perſuaded, you will be very acceptable to the maſter of it, for he is remarkably fond of having aſſiſtants, who have received an univerſity education. Oxymel was not diſpleaſed at this

this information; and, being favoured with a direction to the place, he immediately went in queſt of it; where he appeared to ſo much advantage, that, as ſoon as he had diſcloſed his deſign to the maſter of the ſchool, he was admitted into his family in quality of Latin maſter, and had a ſtipend of twenty-five pounds a year aſſigned him beſides his board.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

An Engliſh Gymnaſium is repreſented to the world, which, by the bye, is as unlike to a Roman Gymnaſium, as the ſtile of John Buncle is to that of Cicero.

THough the preſent ſituation of our hero was ſuch, as could not be altogether agreeable to a young fellow of taſte and ſentiment, yet Claſſic accommodated himſelf with ſurpriſing facility to the emergencies of his fortune. Happy indeed was it for him, that he was poſſeſſed of a natural fortitude of mind, which was not to be overcome by calamity, and a flow of natural ſpirits, which even the fatigues of a ſchool could not exhauſt; for, at this time, he had full occaſion for all theſe advantages. Inſtead of having introduced himſelf into one of thoſe genteel academies, of which there are many about town, where he might have been employed in the inſtruction of young gentlemen, he had unluck-

unluckily fallen foul of a ten-pound academy, which was entirely made up of the ſons of the meaneſt mechanics; who are always obſerved to be more troubleſome and impertinent than their ſuperiors. This alone was ſufficient to piqué his pride, and indeed would have made his condition abſolutely inſupportable to him, had it not been for the extraordinary luxury with which he was entertained. Twice in a week our unfortunate uſher, and the young cubs committed to his care, were regaled with ſheeps heads at dinner, and bread and cheeſe at ſupper; and at other times they had moſt excellent ſalt beef, which had made a voyage to the Eaſt-Indies, and back again to the Tower, where it had been purchaſed at the rate of three farthings per pound, for the uſe of this illuſtrious family. Theſe delicacies, too, were every day preceded by a ſort of ſoup, which in taſte and compoſition, exactly reſembled the black broth of the Spartans.

Even

Even this might have been endured, for Claſſic had as little of the epicure in him, as any man living; but the petulance of Mr. Cocker, the maſter of the academy, was ſo great, that a man of much leſs pride than our hero might eaſily have been offended at it; not that Mr. Cocker was altogether deſtitute of merit, for in truth he had great reaſon for entertaining a good opinion of himſelf; for the pedagogue having, by dint of a ſeven years apprenticeſhip, qualified himſelf to read, write, and caſt accompts, had at length the good fortune to marry a woman of ſome ſubſtance; in conſequence of which he opened a ſchool for the reception of young gentlemen from Rag-fair and Wapping, under the polite title of an academy; though the only arts and ſciences they could poſſibly learn there, were the arts and ſciences of huſſel-cap and chuck-farthing. He likewiſe was poſſeſſed of the happy faculty of talking nonſenſe, as faſt as R—d—r is ſuppoſed to write it; and had alſo, for a long

long time, been chairman and ſecretary to a threepenny club in his own pariſh, where he was generally allowed to be rather a better ſcholar than the exciſeman himſelf: beſides this, he was reckoned a charitable man in the neighbourhood, and his wife was always called madam Cocker.

So many favourable circumſtances concurring together, diſordered the man's underſtanding to ſuch a degree, that he not only thought himſelf the firſt perſon in his village, but a conſummate critic alſo in every branch of literature. Inſtead of confining himſelf to the ſpelling book, he began to give Claſſic lectures on Grammar, and would frequently, in common converſation, pretend to correct him for ſpeaking falſe Engliſh, with a view of making himſelf appear conſiderable in the eyes of thoſe who might over-hear him.

Claſſic, who was a real ſcholar, deſpiſed this ridiculous affectation; nor would he per-

perhaps ever have taken notice of ſo ſtrange a behaviour, had not Mr. Cocker ſtruck at his authority, by finding fault with his manner of education before the ſcholars.

Cocker, as has been already hinted, had ſtudied the Engliſh Grammar, as it is to be found in Dilworth's Complete Spelling-Book: and hence he was enabled to diſpute very learnedly on periods, commas, interrogations, and the parentheſis. Nor was he by any means ſlow in ſetting forth his own accompliſhments. He very frequently uſed to interrupt Claſſic in the explanation of ſome difficult paſſages, by introducing a diſſertation on the uſe and excellency of ſemicolons; and not contented with this, he now began to carry his impertinence to the higheſt pitch imaginable, for he would ſometimes diſpute with his aſſiſtant about the conſtruction of a ſentence in Virgil or Horace, though he had himſelf never advanced beyond the learned and elegant Cordery, which he was not yet able to underſtand, without the help of a tranſlation.

On theſe qualifications Mr. Cocker preſumed ſo much, that, as the younger ſcholars were one day employed in ſcanning ſome Latin verſes to our unhappy aſſiſtant, he advanced from his deſk, and coming up to Claſſic, told him, that he was very much ſurpriſed to find, that he would not obſerve the advice he had ſo often given him, and conform to the uſages of the moſt celebrated maſters. Really, Mr. Claſſic, to ſpeak the truth, continued he, I do not like this way of going on at all. I have long perceived, that you depart from the common methods uſed in ſchool, as frequently as you can. Why, ſir, you ought to make the boys uſe their fingers and thumbs in ſcanning; it was always ſo, when I learnt Virgil at ſchool, and my maſter was as good an one, as any in England. He always did ſo, *tityre*, the thumb; *tu patulæ*, the fore-finger, and ſo on. Oh! ſir, that was an excellent method. Aye, aye, there is no ſuch thing as learning to ſcan, without the finger and

thumb, and I muſt inſiſt upon it, that you make uſe of them.

As ſoon as this harangue was finiſhed, Claſſic, who deſpiſed every ſpecies of pedantry, drily aſked Mr. Cocker, if he did not think it poſſible for a man, who had loſt both his hands, to underſtand Latin poetry, as well as he did himſelf? As Mr. Cocker was not prepared to anſwer this unexpected queſtion, he moved off to his former ſeat, though not without evident tokens of anger and confuſion.

Though Cocker diſſembled his reſentment for the preſent, yet in his heart he was deſirous of retrieving this diſgrace; and accordingly one day, in the eye of the whole ſchool, challenged our hero to a trial of ſkill with him at jumping; an exerciſe, for which he was remarkable, and on which he valued himſelf as much, as on any other of his qualifications. He was often wont to ſay, that he was as tight a little fellow as any in the county, and that he'd jump

jump with any man living for fifty pounds, damn him if he would not.

Claſſic, who had never been uſed to the exerciſe, and was very unwilling to entertain the ſcholars in ſo indecent a manner, declined the conteſt; on which Mr. Cocker, taking two or three hearty leaps, told him, he was a long fellow, and like all other long fellows, good for nothing. You ſee, I am but a little fellow, continued he, and yet I will jump with you, or any man in England, for fifty pounds; who ſays done? I ſay done firſt, let him be who he will. In anſwer to this impertinence, our hero told Mr. Cocker, that it was a very eaſy matter to jump with any man in England, but not ſo eaſy to get the victory. Why, will you jump with me? ha! No, you dare not jump with me, cries Cocker. Not jump with you, Sir, ſaid Claſſic, what do you think I am pulling off my coat for? Say you ſo, my genius! 'Gad, I never thought you had ſo much ſpirit, replied

Cocker. Come, I'll ſhew you ſport; now for it, and let the lads be judges. But where are we to jump, ſaid Claſſic? Oh, replies Cocker, we will take off at that yew-tree, and try who can leap fartheſt over our ditch.

Theſe conditions being agreed to, Claſſic ſet off at full ſpeed, and leaped a conſiderable way farther, than even he himſelf expected, that he could have done. Mr. Cocker's turn coming next, that nimble gentleman began to ſkip and dance about the ground, for the ſpace of three minutes, without intermiſſion, as well for the ſake of ſhewing his agility to the ſpectators, as of opening his cheſt, and preparing himſelf for the conteſt. Having by theſe means prejudiced the ſtanders-by in his favour, he ſet forward with the ſpeed of a roe-buck, and according to agreement took off at the yew-tree above-mentioned. Mr. Cocker, in hopes of gaining a complete victory, exerted his utmoſt ſtrength; and

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in conſequence of this effort, being as tight a little fellow as any in all England, he jumped preciſely into the middle of the ditch, which at that time was plentifully ſtocked with mud.

Here he ſtuck faſt in the midſt of filth and ordure, as a ſmall fly does in a great porringer of treacle; and would certainly have experienced immediate ſuffocation, had not Claſſic, who perceived his diſtreſs, flown into the houſe, returned with a pair of tongs, and reſcued him from his miſerable confinement, by a judicious application of that inſtrument.

But ſuch is the ingratitude of mankind, no ſooner was Mr. Cocker delivered from his danger, than, inſtead of thanking his benefactor for the ſervice he had afforded him, he began to abuſe him with the greateſt fury and ill-manners; and to ſuch a pitch of inſolence did his paſſion carry him, that our hero, his patience being

quite exhausted, was at length compelled to convince his daring antagonist, by means of a good kicking, that it was none of his fault, that he had fallen into the ditch.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Without a title, becauſe it deſerves none.

AFter this noble exploit, Claſſic could not but expect to receive his diſmiſſion at the enſuing holidays, which were now near at hand; but Mr. Cocker was too ſenſible of the diligence and abilities of his uſher, to part with him for ſo trifling a matter as a kicking. Inſtead of reſenting the rough uſage he had met with, he altered his behaviour, and carried himſelf towards Claſſic with the utmoſt complaiſance, and even went ſo far as to hint, that he was deſirous, that a perfect reconciliation might paſs between them. This condeſcenſion operated powerfully on the affections of our hero, who readily conſented to return again, when the vacation was over; but at the ſame time, he ſignified to Mr. Cocker his intention of ſpending the

holidays in London. This was willingly complied with by the little gentleman, and accordingly, when the day of jubilee arrived, Claſſic ſet out full of ſpirits, with above half a year's ſalary in his pocket, for the metropolis.

In this expedition he was accompanied by Mr. Practiſe, his brother-uſher at the academy, one of the moſt joyous and original mortals, that ever exiſted. Though he had never been in poſſeſſion of five pounds at one time in his whole life, yet his countenance was the very picture of plenty and content; for as his circumſtances were confined, ſo were his wiſhes too.

This philoſopher was a rank ſloven in his dreſs, and the profeſt enemy of reflection. He loved a joke and chearful converſation, but his chief happineſs ſeemed to center in his having two pots of ale at night; three gave him a taſte of paradiſe, and ſixpence was in his opinion better than

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a dukedom. In ſtature he was four feet five inches high, and the circumference of his waſte was about equal to that of the famous Norfolk dwarf; beſides this, his right leg was at leaſt four inches ſhorter than the left, but this deficiency was ſupplied by the addition of juſt as many inches of ſtrong leather to his ſhoe.

This gentleman ſet out with Claſſic for London, extremely happy in his companion, for he revered our hero for his learning, and loved him for his generoſity. As the weather was extremely fine, and the diſtance but ſmall, they propoſed walking to town. As they were trudging along in conſequence of this reſolution, Practiſe, before they had advanced many miles, diſcovered an handſome inn, which on the ſign-poſt promiſed good entertainment. Unable to withſtand any opportunity of tippling, he earneſtly ſollicited Claſſic to halt for half an hour, declaring that he knew it to be an excellent houſe.

Claſſic making ſome difficulty of granting this requeſt, Mr. Practiſe ſwore by all that was ſacred to drink only a ſingle pint, yet this was no ſooner emptied, than he ordered it to be filled again, excuſing himſelf for his breach of promiſe, by obſerving the liquor was ſo good, that it would be a ſin not to have another. This being likewiſe ſoon exhauſted, he abſolutely refuſed to ſtir a ſingle ſtep, unleſs Claſſic would agree, that they ſhould have a full pot betwixt them. At laſt Claſſic prevailed on his friend Practiſe to ſet out, but that worthy gentleman was then in ſuch a condition, that it was plain he would have ſome difficulty in accompliſhing his journey that night. Before they had got many paces from the inn, Mr. Practiſe ſtaggered in ſuch a manner, that our hero offered him his aſſiſtance; but this was refuſed with the utmoſt indignation by the ſaid Mr. Practiſe, who affirmed, that he could walk as well as any man in his majeſty's dominions, and very peremptorily inſiſted on his companion's bearing an head.

Claſſic accordingly proceeded on his way, but preſently turning about, to his great ſurprize Mr. Practiſe was no-where viſible. Alarmed at this ſudden defection, our hero called on him by his name, but no anſwer was returned. He then ſearched the ditches, the hedges, the buſhes, and every place, where he thought it poſſible for him to be concealed, but without effect. Had he been ſuperſtitiouſly inclined, he would have attributed this diſappearance to ſome præternatural cauſe, but as he was by no means tainted with any opinions of this ſort, he determined to continue his ſearch. In conſequence of which, he at length found his fellow-traveller ſtretched out at full length, and almoſt buried; not in a ditch, but in a long and deep rut, which had been lately made by a broad-wheel'd waggon. In this ſnug ſituation he lay ſo faſt aſleep, that it was impoſſible to wake him, when Claſſic, unwilling to leave him in that ſituation, took him on his back, and carried him to town, where he committed him to the care of an

hackney coachman, who had orders to deliver him at the magpie and horſe-ſhoe at Charing-croſs, the place where Mr. Practiſe had determined to fix his head-quarters for the holidays.

The next morning the writing-maſter waited on our hero, with a thouſand apologies for the trouble he had given him, and promiſed for the future to behave with more diſcretion, whenever he had the honour of being in his company. On theſe conditions he was pardoned, and even invited to ſpend the next evening at Claſſic's apartment, with ſome of his other friends. Mr. Practiſe was punctual to his appointment; and finding the liquor which Claſſic had provided, extremely palatable, he drank ſo frequently, and in ſuch large quantities, notwithſtanding his late tranſgreſſion, that he preſently grew noiſy and riotous to the laſt degree. He abuſed all the ſtrangers, without diſtinction; and in ſpite of his infirmities, inſiſted on fighting with one of the

the ſtrongeſt amongſt them, who had been unlucky enough to ſay, that the punch they were then drinking was extremely good, but that he had drank as good before. This Practiſe denied; and he not only denied it, but he likewiſe ſwore that it was a damn'd lie. He ſaid, that to his knowledge, there was not a man in all England, who did or could make ſuch punch as his friend Claſſic, and that he would kick any man who maintained the contrary. And ſo very zealous was Mr. Practiſe in the cauſe which he had undertaken, that he would certainly have proceeded to blows, had not his friend and entertainer carried him by violence from the field of battle, and conducted him to his own chamber. As Mr. Practiſe was quite incapable of going home, our hero very politely reſigned his own bed to him, on which occaſion this ſon of riot behaved much more peaceably than could be expected; he even thanked Claſſic for his kindneſs, and deſired him, with the utmoſt civility, to ſtay

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for the candle, aſſuring him that he ſhould be undreſt in leſs than half a minute. He accordingly diſrobed himſelf with ſurpriſing expedition, and was now mounted on the bed; when the liquor ſetting his tongue a going, he ſuddenly raiſed himſelf up, in order to harangue Claſſic on ſome occaſion or other, and being elevated to a moſt extraordinary pitch of tranſport, he forgot that he was lame; and truſting too much to his diſabled member, fell againſt a bureau, which unluckily ſtood in his way, with ſuch violence, that it threw him inſtantaneouſly into a trance, and wounded him ſo dangerouſly, that it was neceſſary to ſend for a ſurgeon to his aſſiſtance.

After a week's confinement, however, Mr. Practiſe was perfectly recovered, when Claſſic, incenſed at being ſo ſcandalouſly diſgraced, told him it was high time for him to break off all correſpondence with one, who never got drunk like a gentleman, at two or three in the morning, but muſt

muſt do it at ten at night; a time when none but taylors and blackſmiths could have any excuſe for being diſguiſed in liquor.

Our miſerable offender was ſo much moved by this declaration, that he made ample profeſſions of amendment, though without effect. Claſſic ſtill continued inexorable, and the unhappy tipler moved off to his own lodgings, under a great dejection of mind. Claſſic expected to have ſeen no more of him for a week at leaſt, but Mr. Practiſe returned in leſs than half an hour, and taking his friend by the ſleeve, told him, if he would overlook his paſt behaviour, and admit him into his company for the future, he would introduce him that very afternoon to a lady of great fortune, whom he had taught to write. Of your acquaintance and a great fortune, ſaid Claſſic! What, I ſuppoſe ſhe may have twenty pounds a year. Twenty, Sir, replied Practiſe! I aſſure you ſhe has an hundred and fifty

fifty in good land; and as you are an handſome fellow, I make no doubt but you might eaſily perſuade her to take a trip with you to the next church. Is ſhe handſome, ſaid Claſſic? Very handſome, replied the other; but yet there is one circumſtance, which I am afraid you may object to: the lady is a Methodiſt. A Methodiſt! cries Claſſic. With all my heart; I do not care what religion my wife is of; and as to your ſaints, they make the fineſt bedfellows in the world. Practiſe, put a clean ſhirt on, and get your wig combed. You ſhall introduce me to her immediately; and if I carry her, you ſhall ſwim in Burgundy for three months.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

An extraordinary courtſhip, and moſt extraordinary quarrel.

OUR hero and his friend, as ſoon as they had decently prepared themſelves for ſuch a viſit, ſet off together, and having gained admittance by the intereſt and addreſs of Mr. Practiſe, after waiting ſome little time, were honoured by the appearance of the lady herſelf. At her approach, Claſſic bowed with the utmoſt courteſy, and gave Practiſe the hint for introducing him to her; but in ſpite of all the inuendos he received, that worthy gentleman for ſome time maintained the moſt invincible ſilence; and at laſt, riſing from his chair, and making half a dozen aukward ſcrapes, he told the lady, to the utter confuſion of Oxymel, that he had taken the liberty of calling on her with his worthy friend

friend and acquaintance, to know if her ladyſhip had any pens to make. At this civil addreſs, the lady ſmiled; when Claſſic, who was ready to burſt with ſhame and indignation, turned ſternly upon his companion, and deſired him to expreſs himſelf in leſs ambiguous terms, as he was by no means deſirous of being taken for a penmaker by ſo agreeable a lady.

This ſevere demand diſconcerted Mr. Practiſe to ſuch a degree, that the ſweat trickled down his face, and he was incapable of making any reply. The greateſt confuſion now appeared in the faces of all three. Practiſe was actually for ſome moments out of his ſenſes, the lady bluſhed, and Claſſic looked like a fool. But at length our hero recollected himſelf, and having made an apology for his own intruſion, told the lady that Mr. Practiſe was certainly captivated by her charms, and had made uſe of this ſtupid pretence for viſiting her, becauſe he had not ingenuity enough to invent

vent any other; and at the ſame time, he deſired the lady to take particular notice of his preſent appearance, which he affirmed would be ſufficient to convince her, that he was right in his conjecture. Though the lady by no means agreed to the validity of this appeal, yet ſhe genteely replied, that ſhe was extremely glad to ſee Mr. Practiſe, or any of his friends, and hoped that both the gentlemen would do her the pleaſure of drinking a diſh of chocolate. Mr. Practiſe returned his moſt humble thanks, but declared, that he made it a rule never to drink any thing in a morning. Claſſic, though inclinable enough to accept the offer, was obliged to refuſe, in imitation of his friend's modeſty.

As ſoon as our two heroes had taken their leave, and were got out of the houſe, Mr. Practiſe took the opportunity of turning down a blind alley, and giving his companion the ſlip; in fear, we preſume, of receiving a lecture on his abſurd behaviour.

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This introduction, however, ridiculous as it was, was ſtill ſufficient for Claſſic, who had no objection either to the perſon or the fortune of the lady, and who beſides had confidence enough in his own accompliſhments, to conceive hopes of gaining them both. Full of the warmeſt aſſurance, he next day took the liberty of waiting on the lady at her own houſe, but ſhe was not at home; on which he immediately directed his ſteps to the tabernacle, and in a ſhort time had the ſatisfaction of diſcovering his charmer in one of the galleries. Up he mounted immediately, and without the leaſt ceremony, took his place by her, as if through the effect of accident, and preſently pretended to recollect her. After the ſervice was over, Claſſic inſiſted on ſeeing her home with ſo much earneſtneſs, that it was impoſſible for her to elude his offer. In conſequence of this politeneſs on the part of our hero, the lady was compelled, on her part, to aſk him to walk in.

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Some degree of intimacy being thus commenced, Oxymel took very frequent opportunities of enquiring after the lady's health, and in a ſhort time advanced to a very intimate connection with her. It was indeed evident enough that our hero enjoyed a large ſhare of her favour, which he acquired not by diſſertations on the ſpirit, but by applications to the fleſh. As he conjectured that the lady, as much a ſaint as ſhe appeared to be, was compoſed of exactly the ſame materials with himſelf, ſo, inſtead of entertaining her with lectures on the New-Birth, or Original Sin, he uſed to ſeize her in his arms, or toſs her on a feather-bed, if there happened to ſtand one in his way. And he admired a ſilken handkerchief, which covered her fair and delicate neck, with ſuch exceſs of devotion, that he frequently attempted to carry off this glorious ſpoil by violence; but whether for the ſake of the handkerchief itſelf, or of viewing any thing which might be concealed under it, we ſhall not pretend to determine.

Nor was the fair enthuſiaſt diſpleaſed with theſe marks of gallantry: for though ſhe never abſolutely encouraged them, yet as ſhe alſo never gave any ſigns of diſpleaſure, but by a piſh and fie, we may reaſonably enough conclude, that they were not diſagreeable to her. In this manner our hero carried on the attack with his utmoſt efforts, and it was expected, that the principal fortification would be ſoon ſurrendered to him, as it ſeemed almoſt impoſſible for the lady to reſiſt ſo vigorous an aſſailant; and had it not been for a moſt whimſical accident, the victory would certainly have been his own.

As Claſſic was one afternoon returning from the tavern, where he had drank very freely, he determined to call on his Amanda in his way home. Being admitted as uſual, he ſtrutted into the dining-room without the leaſt ceremony, where he found a dozen female methodiſts in cloſe conference together, with his miſtreſs at the head of them.

them. Oxymel took his ſeat amongſt them, without the leaſt concern, and for ſome time behaved with the utmoſt decorum and tranquillity; but the liquor which he had drank beginning at length to operate, he removed his chair to the lady of his affections, not without ſome ſigns of extaſy and rapture.

Now, as it is almoſt impoſſible to withſtand two enemies at once, ſo wine within, and beauty without, raiſed ſuch a tumult in our hero's conſtitution, that he ſuddenly began to take the ſame liberties with the lady in public, which ſhe had formerly allowed him in private. At firſt, ſhe only puſhed him from her, with a ſmile of approbation rather than of diſlike, but when Claſſic attempted to remove her to another place more convenient for his purpoſe, ſhe grew abſolutely outrageous. But ſo far was our hero from being diſcouraged at this affected reſerve, as he then thought it, that he threw his arms with ſo much violence

lence round her waiſt, that the lady made a greater clamour, than perhaps ſhe would have done, had ſhe been in danger of an actual rape. On this, Claſſic let go his hold, but at the ſame time he ſeized her by the arm, pulled her from her chair, and ſwore he would have a dance. As ſoon as the lady was removed, there immediately proceeded from her petticoats, not a bible, or a manual of devotions, or even pious hymns for the tabernacle; but a certain utenſil, generally known by the name of a quart bottle. This veſſel Claſſic ſeized upon, and applying it to his mouth, declared the contents of it to be as good Nantz, as ever was taſted.

No ſooner had this affirmation proceeded from his lips, than the whole aſſembly was in an uproar. One declared him to be an unregenerate fellow; a ſecond, a drunken rake; a third, a prophane atheiſt, and at laſt, the whole community ſetting up their voices all at once, our hero was forced to ſtop

ſtop his ears, and ſneak off as well as he could.

After this glorious adventure, the lady could never be prevailed on to ſee him, and in conſequence of this diſappointment, he returned to his old occupation of teaching Virgil and Horace to great boys, and the Accidence to little ones, for a livelihood.

CHAP. XXII.

A modern challenge, a modern duel, and other trifling matters.

AS ſoon as the holidays were expired, Claſſic withdrew to his country retirement, heartily chagrined at the ill ſucceſs of his firſt efforts in gallantry. However, his chagrin was ſoon diſpelled, partly by his attention being engaged in the diſcharge of his duty, and partly by the extraordinary civility of Mr. Cocker. For our uſher was now advanced from the common hall into the parlour, where he had the ſatisfaction of faring as well as Mr. Cocker himſelf, who, amongſt other good qualities, was remarkable for keeping a good table for his own ſervice, though he thought that high living might be prejudicial to young ſtomachs. But agreeable as theſe marks of regard might be to our he-

ro,

ro, they were very near being attended with the moſt fatal conſequences.

During his exaltation, it happened one day, that as Claſſic, Cocker, and a gentleman of the town, were enjoying themſelves over a bottle after dinner, a moſt gaudy equipage ſuddenly ſtopt at the door, and a footman having enquired for Mr. Cocker, a very genteel figure ſoon after made its appearance in the dining-room.

The company all roſe, and paid their reſpects to the ſtranger, who being at length ſeated, after having overwhelmed them all with a profuſion of compliments, ſtarted a diſcourſe on politics. As ſoon as this ſubject was exhauſted, he flew to another with ſurpriſing rapidity, and entertained the whole company, on different topics of converſation, for above two hours, with great elocution.

The utmoſt attention was ſhewn to every thing he thought proper to advance; as every

man preſent was perſuaded in his own mind, that this reſpectable orator was either an ambaſſador, a member of parliament, or a miniſter of ſtate; and in this opinion they might have continued to this day, had not Mr. Cocker, who began to tremble for his liquor, taken an opportunity of telling the ſtranger, that he preſumed, he intended to do him the honour of placing ſome young gentlemen under his care.

This addreſs, for a few moments, diſconcerted the orator; but he ſoon recollected himſelf, and told Mr. Cocker that he had quite miſtaken his deſign, for he had no children to put to ſchool, though if he had, he knew no gentleman in the three kingdoms, to whoſe management he would ſooner commit them, than to Mr. Cocker's, of whom he had a moſt extraordinary opinion; and then he proceeded to inform the company, that he had made his preſent viſit, not for the ſake of putting any

any young gentlemen to ſchool, but in hopes of having the honour of waiting on the young gentlemen who were already at that ſchool, in the capacity of a dancing-maſter.

This declaration was received with ſome aſtoniſhment by Mr. Cocker and his friend; but as to our ungracious Claſſic, he burſt into a loud fit of laughter, which was moſt violently reſented by the dancing-maſter, who preſently took his leave, after having received an abſolute denial.

This mighty man of conſequence and ſpirit, who now kept his chaiſe and pair, was begotten by a journeyman taylor, in a hayloft near the Seven Dials, on the body of a French ſempſtreſs, and he received the firſt rudiments of his education in the regions of Covent-garden and Drury-lane, where in the winter ſeaſon he uſually carried a link for the accommodation of the company, who frequented our two theatres;

but being at length tired of this way of life, his mother, who had ſome beauty and vivacity, and who had already emerged by the dint of thoſe qualifications from her former obſcurity, prevailed on a celebrated dancing-maſter to take him as an apprentice, without any pecuniary reward, though ſhe was ſuppoſed to make him ſome other acknowledgments for the favour.

From this offspring of chance and indigence ſoon after the above adventure, our hero received the following epiſtle, which is couched in the preciſe terms of modern honour, though much bad ſpelling and ſome falſe Engliſh may be diſcerned in it.

SIR,

" As you are an impudent fellor, I de-
" ſires you will meet me on the heath to-
" morrow, where I intends to puniſh you
" ſewerely for your preſumption in laugh-
" ing at a man of my rank. The wee-
" pons

" pons I always uſes, are ſwords and piſ-
" tols.

" I am, Sir,
" with the greateſt reſpect, Sir,
" your moſt obedient,
" humble ſervant,
" SIMON TRIPPET."

This unexpected challenge, we muſt own, gave our hero great ſurpriſe, and ſome ſmall uneaſineſs; for, notwithſtanding he had as much of the hero in him, as perhaps any man living, yet he had never fired a piſtol in his life, and had ſcarce ever ſeen a drawn ſword. Beſides this, he now recollected a circumſtance in Mr. Trippet's favour, to which he had been an eye-witneſs, and which was by no means calculated to allay his panic.

Claſſic was once at an inn on the London road, where his preſent antagoniſt was in company. In the courſe of converſation, the dancing-maſter, who bore by far

the larger part in it, was interrupted ſomewhat rudely by an officer, who differed from him in opinion. This affront was ſo highly reſented by Mr. Trippet, that he immediately gave the other gentleman a challenge, which was accepted with the utmoſt alacrity.

As the company conſiſted chiefly of men of honour, that is to ſay, of two hackney-writers from the inns of court, three ſmart apprentices from the Strand, and four highwaymen from Hounſlow-heath, no-body was ſuffered to prevent their deſign, and our two deſperadoes withdrew to an adjoining field, with piſtols in their hands, and the utmoſt fury in their countenance. After they had continued firing at each other for the ſpace of fourteen minutes, and their whole ammunition was exhauſted, they returned to the company, one with his arm dangling by his ſide, and the other with his right leg bound up in a white handkerchief, in conſequence, as they them-

themſelves declared, of their having received each of them a ſlight wound in thoſe particular members. Though our hero was poſſeſſed of an uncommon ſhare of perſonal courage, yet the recollection of this incident was by no means agreeable to him. However, he determined, whatever might be the iſſue of it, to give his antagoniſt the meeting, and he ſignified as much by the bearer of the challenge, even in the moſt peremptory terms.

On the morning appointed for the deciſion of this important quarrel, Oxymel appeared on the heath completely armed for the engagement, before the clock ſtruck five. Here he waited with the moſt patient expectation, till it had ſtruck ſeven, and no enemy making his appearance at that time, Claſſic mounted his horſe, in order to return home, as he was of opinion that he had danced attendance long enough for the ſake of having his throat cut, and beſides this, had ſome reaſon to imagine,

that this might not be Mr. Trippet's fighting-day.

Whether our young champion was right or wrong in the latter part of his conjecture, we have not leiſure at this time to inform the reader, as we muſt haſten to let him know, that as Claſſic was retiring from the field of battle, he was ſuddenly ſaluted with the familiar appellation of Young Fellow, which was immediately followed by half a dozen Soho's.

As the voice was not very familiar to him, he turned about, in full perſuaſion of meeting his antagoniſt; but inſtead of ſeeing Mr. Trippet, as he might naturally have expected, he obſerved one Sir Timothy Dangle on horſeback, a new-fangled man of faſhion, who had obtained his importance and his title, by carrying up addreſſes to the C—rt, by ſipping caudle, and by eating plumb-cake.

As ſoon as Claſſic had rode up to him, the knight, with an affected alteration in his countenance, cried out, "Why, hey-"day! bleſs me! Who thought of ſeeing "you here, Mr. Claſſic! It is no holiday, "Sir; I preſume, Sir, it is no holiday. "But you ſchoolmaſters love holidays bet-"ter than your ſcholars; and we all know "that they love them well enough. Aye, "aye, I am afraid my ſon will be ſadly ne-"glected amongſt you. But pray, how does "he go on, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um; God "bleſs me, I forget your name, but you "live at the white houſe, yonder, with "little Cocker, don't you? A ſenſible lit-"tle fellow, that Cocker. But, pray how "does my little boy go on?" I had not the pleaſure of recollecting you at firſt, Sir; but now I do, I can aſſure you, your ſon's behaviour is very regular, and that he is able to acquit himſelf in the buſineſs of the ſchool with a good deal of honour, whenever he thinks proper, replied Claſſic.

"I do not know that, ſaid the knight; I "examined him myſelf the other day, "and I muſt own, I then thought, he "had made but very little improvement." If he has made none, I am not to blame, re-joined our hero. "Oh, Sir, he has "good parts; my ſon, I aſſure you, has "good parts, replied the knight. When "I firſt ſent him to your ſchool, and he "was not then above ſeven years old, he "could read Greek, though now, I am "ſorry to tell you, he can hardly read "Latin." You taught him Greek your-ſelf, I ſuppoſe, ſaid Claſſic. "Yes, yes, "I taught him, anſwered Dangle. But "we'll have no more of this at preſent, ſo "good morning to you. Good morning! "No. As I have no-body here, conti-"nued the knight, you may take a ride "with me, and if your maſter ſhould hap-"pen to be angry with you, I'll let your "maſter know, that I deſired your com-"pany. Come, I have an excellent mare "under me, and now I'll ſhew you all my "grounds."

At the concluſion of this elegant and court-like ſpeech, Claſſic pauſed for a few moments, and deliberated with himſelf, whether or no it was not abſolutely incumbent on him to knock his worſhip down, on account of the late harangue which he had made. However, though his eyes ſparkled with reſentment, he fortunately had prudence enough to reſtrain himſelf from making any of thoſe dangerous experiments on the pate of Dangle, which paſſion had at firſt ſuggeſted to him, and he contented himſelf with telling the knight, that he, and his mare, and his grounds, might be damn'd; and that he would not ride with him half an hour for half his eſtate. Having thus revenged the inſult which he had received, he ſet off at full gallop for little Cocker's, heartily chagrined at the adventure of the morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Dangle's wrath, Claſſic's danger, and Prac-tice's diſtreſs.

AS the quarrel which we have juſt commemorated, may appear ſomewhat unexpected, we ſhall proceed to account for it with all becoming brevity; and we make no doubt, but Dangle's inſolence will be found not to have been the effect of ſudden ſpleen, but to have ariſen from a moſt inveterate enmity, which he entertained againſt our hero.

Notwithſtanding Claſſic had no inconſiderable ſhare of good-nature in his diſpoſition, yet he had in him likewiſe a certain haughtineſs of temper, which made him too ſenſible of any intended affronts: and this haughtineſs of his was always obſerved to riſe in the ſame proportion, as his

his circumſtances declined. In proſperity, it was almoſt impoſſible to offend him; but in adverſity, it was a matter of ſome difficulty to keep on good terms with him. From this it may eaſily be ſurmiſed, that his temper was ſufficiently tried in his preſent ſituation, where he was expoſed to the caprice and inſolence of every parent who ſent a child to ſchool, and favoured him with a paltry preſent at Chriſtmas.

The academy, at which he was now engaged, conſiſted, as we have already hinted, of the ſons of ordinary tradeſmen, who are generally known, whenever they have the leaſt authority, to expect as much homage, as if they were deſcended from the blood-royal; and as it was only ſome ſix or ſeven miles from London, it afforded them a cheap and agreeable excurſion once a week. In theſe their rambles, Claſſic, who had often noted the extreme priggiſhneſs of their behaviour, not only neglected to pay them that reſpect which they ſeemed to require,

require, but even refuſed to have the leaſt communication with them, though he had often been invited, in the polite phraſe, to eat a bit of mutton with them at their inn; and this conduct of our hero was attended with ſuch happy effects, that he at length gained as great an aſcendancy over the parents themſelves, as over their children. But we are to be underſtood here, as ſpeaking of the Plebeians only, for the great, the auguſt, the dignified Sir Timothy Dangle, who made ſo glorious an appearance in the laſt chapter, was by no means to be ſubdued by the ſpirit of a country uſher.

As this gentleman was poſſeſſed of a conſiderable eſtate in the neighbourhood, he was abſurd enough to demand the ſame degree of reverence and reſpect from Claſſic, who had ſome ſhare in the education of his ſon, as he received from his own tenants and domeſtics; nor was he contented with any particular deference that might have been ſhewn to his own perſon, but he would

would likewiſe have exacted the ſame proportion of homage in favour of his ſon. And ſo intoxicated was he with his glory, that he never deigned to take the leaſt notice of our uſher, though he had actually ſpent the greater part of his leiſure hours, (which, after the fatigues of a ſchool, ought always to be ſacred to amuſement) in the private inſtruction of the young 'ſquire. In due time, however, our hero's eyes were opened; and as he obſerved, that the knight conſidered his extraordinary ſervices, as a compliment due to his rank and ſtation, he took the only method that could poſſibly be deviſed, and which we preſume the reader has ſagacity enough to diſcover, of convincing him, that he was miſtaken in his man.

As ſoon as Claſſic deſiſted from his ſupernumerary labours, Dangle conceived a moſt violent reſentment againſt him, which for ſome time continued to ebb and flow, according to the various impulſes it received

ceived from the pride and ſelf-importance of the knight; but whatever were his ſentiments of Claſſic at particular times, the ſpirited behaviour of that hero was attended with this favourable conſequence, that Dangle now condeſcended to flatter him before his face, notwithſtanding he almoſt as conſtantly traduced him behind his back.

Indeed his hatred towards Oxymel did not ſeem to be abſolutely rooted in him, till the date of that unfortunate adventure which we have above related; for before that time, Sir Timothy was always obſerved to ſpeak moſt reſpectfully of our hero, when his ſon was at the head of his claſs, and as diſreſpectfully of him, when he was at the bottom; thus perverting from its original deſign a very uſeful cuſtom, which was inſtituted for the ſake of raiſing an emulation amongſt young adventurers in learning, and not for creating heart-burnings and jealouſies amongſt their parents.

But however zealous the knight might be for the advancement of his ſon, it ſo happened, through the ſtupidity of Mr. Dangle, and the impartiality of Claſſic, that the 'ſquire had already taken up his ſtation very peaceably at the rear of his claſs for ſix weeks; a circumſtance, which operated ſo violently on the temper of his father, that he not only began to call in queſtion the abilities of our tutor, but alſo thought proper to make his appearance in the public ſchool, and abuſe him in the moſt virulent manner, not without frequently reproaching him, on account of his profeſſion.

This was too much for the patience of our uſher, who was by no means remarkable for a pacific diſpoſition. Claſſic, indeed, was ſo much the reverſe of thoſe pliable and tranquil ſpirits, who can put with any affronts whatever from a gentleman, that he plainly told the knight, he neither could nor would digeſt his inſolence,

ſo

ſo long as he conſidered himſelf as on an equality with him. "Equality with me! "replied the knight." Yes, with you, ſaid Claſſic, or with any other man in England, who, like you, is poſſeſſed of an eſtate, but deſtitute of humanity; and were you by any accident to loſe your fortune, I ſhould then be your ſuperior; for without a fortune I can live decently, if not genteelly, which to my knowledge you cannot, unleſs you ſhould take it in your head to learn to write and read before-hand.

Thus was this altercation carried on with the utmoſt acrimony on both ſides; and thus, like many a paſtoral altercation, might it have been carried on even to the ſetting ſun, had not Dangle on a ſudden raiſed his cane to ſuch an alarming height, that it ſeemed evident he deſigned to end the conteſt, and demoliſh Claſſic at the ſame time. This motion ſerved as the alarm to war; but Dangle, ſeeming to heſitate for a moment, our hero having firſt put

put himſelf in a poſture of defence, like all your celebrated heroes of antiquity, began to parley with the enemy, before he proceeded to extremities, in the following manner: "Strike me, if you dare; nay, "move your ſtick but half an inch from "the poſition it is now in, and your noſe "ſhall pay for it. Never frown, nor bite "your lips, man. If you ſtrike me, by "the eternal gods, I'll make you a Sir "Buttock, as well as a Sir Timothy."

But ſo little regard did the knight pay to theſe remonſtrances, that, at the concluſion of them, he exalted his voice and his ſtick at the ſame time, and told Claſſic, he had a great mind to make him out a mittimus, and ſend him to goal for an impertinent puppy; but though he had too much regard for the houſe to do that, yet he'd take care that little Cocker ſhould ſend him about his buſineſs very ſoon.

At this inſult our hero was ſo exaſperated, that he ſeized Dangle by the collar, whiſked him round, and without any reſpect to his knighthood, gave him ſuch an hearty kick on a certain honourable part of the human body, that Sir Timothy flew out of the ſchool-room with the velocity of a cannon ball.

We can hardly defend Claſſic in this outrageous deportment; yet we are of opinion, that every perſon who interrupts the maſter of a ſchool in the exerciſe of his duty, ought to be handled with ſome degree of roughneſs. If a parent is convinced of the abilities of the tutor, to whom he entruſts the education of his children, nothing can be more abſurd than for him to interfere in the management of them; and if he is not, he muſt be guilty of the moſt extravagant folly, in employing any man in ſo important an office, in whoſe diſcretion he cannot confide. To this we may add, that the fatigue of teaching

ing a ſchool, where a tutor exerts himſelf as he ought to do, is ſufficiently laborious of itſelf, and need not be increaſed by the inſolence or petulance of the parents.

But to proceed with our ſtory: As ſoon as Dangle had made a clear eſcape from our enraged hero, he pulled his breeches up, humm'd, ha'd, cock'd his hat, and then very contentedly walked off. But notwithſtanding this ſeemingly pacific diſpoſition of the knight, this noble atchievement threatened the moſt fatal conſequences to our unlucky pedagogue; for Sir Timothy immediately commenced an action againſt him, and ſwore, if it coſt him half his eſtate, he'd lay him in goal before the end of the year. Claſſic being luckily appriſed of this deſign, thought it incumbent upon him to defeat it, and accordingly withdrew himſelf from ſo diſagreeable a neighbourhood, with all the privacy that he could. Before his departure tho', he previouſly informed Mr. Cocker

of

of his intention, and ballanced accounts with that gentleman. As Claſſic had been already upwards of a year employed in this moſt laborious profeſſion, he expected to have been maſter of a very conſiderable ſum; but on examining into his affairs, he had the ſatisfaction to find, that when the debts he had contracted during that time, were diſcharged, he ſhould be in poſſeſſion of five pounds, fifteen ſhillings and ſixpence; which we muſt confeſs, he did not regard as a ſufficient recompence for the trouble he had undergone.

His worldly matters thus ſettled, our hero mounted up to Practiſe's room, where he found him yet ſnoring in his truckle-bed; but as this was no time for ceremony and compliment, he immediately awaken'd him, and then proceeded, in as few words as poſſible, to acquaint him with the iſſue of his late adventure. At this information, the writing-maſter ſtared, rubbed his eyes, and then wrapping himſelf up in the blankets,

kets, mumbled ſomething to himſelf, which ſeemed to ſound like, "None of your "hums, Sir, it is a lie; I know it is a "——— lie; ſo let me alone, for I will "have my nap out; and then immediately "throwing himſelf upon his pillow, fell "into a ſound lethargy." But Claſſic was not to be ſo defeated. As he was well acquainted with the temperature and conſtitution of his friend, he ſtripped the clothes off, and ſhook him heartily by the collar. After he had been employed in this exerciſe for at leaſt a quarter of an hour, Practiſe began at length to give ſome ſymptoms of returning life, by opening his mouth, and crying out, "Aye, aye, t'other pot; I will have t'other pot, by all that's holy." Zounds, cries Claſſic, have you got to t'other pot already? Then I am ſure, there will be no ſuch thing as ſtirring you, without a miracle. Let us ſee. Ha! I have it. If I don't wake you in five minutes, my good friend, I am ſure you will ſleep till the day of judgment.

As ſoon as Claſſic had ended this apoſtrophe, he laid Practiſe on the floor, ſallied out of the room, and ſoon after returned with a ſmall hand-bell. This inſtrument being applied to the ears of the writing-maſter, he ſtarted up with the utmoſt agility, and was ſo far recovered by the ſound of it, that he bawled out, "This way, curſe you, this way. You ſon of a bitch of a drawer, why don't you bring the other mug into the Angel? If you ſerve anybody elſe firſt, I'll never come into your houſe again." And ſo ſtrange an impreſſion had the bell made upon his ſenſes, that it was ſome time before he could be convinced, that he was not actually at old Margery's upon the Green, an houſe of civil entertainment, which Mr. Practiſe commonly frequented.

At length, however, he was undeceived by the proteſtations of Oxymel, who aſſured him, with the utmoſt ſolemnity, that he was come to take his leave of him for ever.

ever. At this declaration, the poor writing-maſter was violently affected, for he not only reſpected our hero, but even adored him, for having ſo nobly vindicated the honour of ſchool-maſters, by his late atchievement. Practiſe had often declared in public company, that he thought it as great an action as ever was perform'd; and in the warmth of his gratitude, was ſometimes known to wiſh, that Claſſic was prime miniſter of ſtate; for if he was, ſays he, he would ſoon humble all the French and Spaniſh ſons of bitches in Europe.

So exalted a notion did the little uſher entertain of his companion, and ſo unwilling was he to part with him, that he offered to act as mediator betwixt Dangle and our hero, and even to implore the knight's forgiveneſs upon his knees. But finding Claſſic averſe to a reconciliation, which could not be obtained unleſs by ſome mean ſubmiſſion, he at length, though very unwillingly, gave up the point; but at the ſame time

time he inſiſted on treating Oxymel, as a token of his friendſhip, with a parting bowl.

Claſſic having complied with the humour of his friend, Practiſe, who always loved to do things genteelly, ordered ſo enormous a bowl of negus, that he was compelled to call in the landlord to his aſſiſtance, which mine hoſt, who was a good-natured fellow, readily giving, the two friends at length ſeparated, when Claſſic directed his ſteps to the metropolis, with that important acquiſition in his pocket, which we have already mentioned; and Practiſe ſet out upon his return to the academy: though not before he had ſolemnly promiſed our hero to pay him a ſpeedy viſit in London.

END of VOL. I.